The Relief Society Magazine

NO. 6 Lesson Previews JUNE 1957

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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They Shall Call Him Blessed

Christine H. Robinson
Member, General Board of Relief Society

A good name is a priceless inheritance. To be born of honorable parents is one of life's choicest blessings.

This basic truth is emphasized throughout the sacred scriptures. Repeatedly in the Bible we are admonished, for the sake of our own progress and happiness, to love and honor our parents and to be guided by their counsel and advice. One of the greatest commandments is "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12). The wise Solomon said: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother" (Proverbs 1:8). Solomon further reminds us that, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches . . ." (Proverbs 22:1).

The Book of Mormon is also replete with similar statements referring to the importance of a worthy heritage, and its writers make frequent reference to the wisdom of following the teachings of righteous parents. The great prophet Nephi considered his own heritage so important that he began his narration in The Book of Mormon with these words: "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father . . ." (I Nephi 1:1).

It is bounteously evident that one of the prime reasons behind this remarkable man's wisdom, humility, obedience, and leadership ability was that he hearkened to his father's teachings and followed in his righteous footsteps.

Although it is the essence of wisdom to honor our fathers every day, it is nevertheless appropriate that one special day be designated as Father's Day. This special day, each year, is the third Sunday in June, and on that day we turn our loving attention to our fathers. Through this special recognition we reaffirm our determination to honor our fathers for the unnumbered blessings they bestow upon us, not alone on this day but throughout our lives.

There is truly something *special* about this specially designated annual Father's Day. Each of us will observe this day in our own personal way. But, to each of us, Father's Day should bring to mind fond memories of past and present happy associations. It should provide for us the opportunity to fix indelibly upon our minds our father's teachings exemplified both by precept and example. On this day we should remember and redetermine that we will follow these teachings so that they may lead us to fuller and more useful lives. Motivated by the observance of Father's Day, we can build on solid foundations the kind of priceless heritage we so want to pass on to our children and to the generations that follow.

On this, my own personal Father's Day, my thoughts are centered on the virtues and qualities of the one man whose heritage I so humbly bear. What a privilege and a blessing it is for me to honor him and to contemplate that through me, if I am worthy, present and yet unborn generations may rise up and call him blessed.

My father, Bryant Stringham Hinckley, too, was born of goodly parents ninety years ago this 9th of July. Like some other humble but great men, he was born in a lowly log cabin. From this humble beginning he moved forward on paths charted by his own wise and righteous father to a life of service to his God and to his fellow men.

As a portion of this service, to spotlight only a few of his many and varied activities, he served as secretary, second counselor, first counselor, and president of the Y.M.M.I.A., both at the ward level and in the stake organization. He was a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board for twenty-five years. He served as a high councilman in the old Salt Lake Stake and as president of the Liberty Stake for twenty-two years. During 1935 to 1939, he served as president of the Northern States Mission.

In his early life, Father was a schoolteacher—a profession which he loved and in which he started at the early age of eighteen. Under the inspired teaching of President Carl G. Maeser, in 1883, he attended the Brigham Young Academy. After graduation from this school, he sought further learning in New York and in California.

Along with these busy responsibilities, Father wove into his accomplishments voluminous writings of articles and books which constitute an important contribution to the literature of this area. Yet, with all of these activities, he found time to be a wonderful father to fifteen children, eleven of whom still survive, and all of whom have been blessed by his exemplary life and effective teachings.

Each of us is privileged to think that ours is the ideal father. The ideal father is one who possesses those qualities that endear him to his children and enable them to place him on a high pedestal of love and respect.

Some of the qualities of which my own father's special pedestal is composed, consist of honesty, humility, steadfastness, courage, loyalty, modesty, faithfulness, industriousness, and a superb sense of humor.

Obviously, I am biased, but my father is really special. Never have I heard him criticize or speak ill of another. Ever is he steadfast and loyal in his friendships. With absolute constancy, he sustains wholeheartedly the Authorities of the Church. My father is his own taskmaster and is never satisfied with anything but the best. He believes unquestioningly that the glory of God (and man) is intelligence, and he seeks industriously for knowledge.

My father is proud of his own heritage and constantly urges his children to follow in the footsteps of their worthy ancestors. Never has he used force as a method of teaching his children, but rather, by patience, persuasion, and unfaltering example, he has sought to lead them into the better paths.

These enviable qualities possessed by my father were developed and refined in the mill of hard experience which began at the frontier settlement of Cove Fort, Utah. Here my father grew up as a boy. His father, Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, was selected by President Brigham Young to go to Cove Creek and build a fort. "To afford protection from the Indians to the telegraph and mail stations and to the travelers who are almost constantly on the road. Also to furnish food and protection to this latter class" (From a letter written by Brigham Young to Ira N. Hinckley, dated April 2, 1867).

This little fort was twenty-two miles from the nearest white settlement. Those days, in the 1870's and the 1880's, were exciting and eventful days. The fort sheltered both good and bad. There were Indians and cowboys, miners in quest of gold, cattle rustlers and desperadoes and, as a vivid contrast, there were the regular visits of President Brigham Young and other prominent Church officials. These Church visitors usually spent a night or two at the fort during their travels from Salt Lake City to southern parts of the state.

Life at Cove Fort was a rugged pioneer life, yet it provided the refining substance which laid the foundation for a strong character. Out of these pioneer experiences came the courage and ability which enabled my father to conquer life's difficult problems and to rise to high levels of service and accomplishment.

Along the way my father met his share of tragedy and sorrow. While still a young man and with the responsibility of rearing eight young children, the oldest fourteen and the youngest eight weeks, his beautiful and talented wife, my mother, passed away. In tragic sequence, in the years that followed he also buried his second, and then his third wonderful wife. And, to add further to his sad burdens, two of his fine sons died after they had grown to manhood. In spite of these sorrows, Father's faith and courage never faltered. His confidence in the sustaining influence of his Father in heaven never wavered. Some of the sterling qualities I see in my father are beautifully described in this statement by Robert Louis Stevenson:

> He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much. Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and . . . love of . . . children.

THE tribute which I am privileged here to pay to my father is presented with the thought that perhaps it may encourage others to ponder in their hearts the real meaning and significance of Father's Day. It is my hope that my description of the qualities possessed by my father may serve in a small way to encourage all of us to express, while there is still time, our gratitude and appreciation to our fathers. Surely the best way we can show this gratitude and appreciation is to follow in their righteous footsteps and, by precept and example, to strive to instill in our children love and honor for the blessings of a worthy heritage.

Let us remember that our worthy fathers have a special significant place, not only in our hearts, but

also in our homes. As bearers of God's Holy Priesthood, they are the patriarchs and presiding authorities of our households. Righteous fathers carry heavy responsibilities. Not only must they administer to the economic welfare of the family, but also it is their duty to set the pattern for the family's spiritual well-being.

Through wise counsel and loving guidance, our honorable fathers strive to bring to us the blessings of genuine happiness. Such happiness is not dependent upon money and material possessions. Rather, it comes from the virtues of service, kindness, loyalty, trust, and love.

Certainly, you and I, the children of such fathers, on this Father's Day and always, should honor them and rise up and call them blessed.

Speak Softly

Ada Marie Patten

Guide your child gently,
With tenderness sustain him,
Assuaging all his fears.

Speak to him softly,
Hush not the heavenly cadence
Still ringing in his ears.

Summer's Cup

Beatrice K. Ekman

On the lush, green valley and wooded hills,
Healing warmth of the early summer spills,
And the air is stirred by the drone of bees
And the call of birds from the orchard trees.

Beside the cool stream in the willow-shade,
Where flickering shadows of sun are laid,
The white sheep with their young lambs lie at rest
And a tranquil quiet is manifest.

Beyond the wild hedge of the narrow lane
A gentle breeze weaves through the fields of grain.
Where the noonday sun climbs up the sky
A feather-plumed cloud drifts slowly by.

In the meadow pasture the clear creek flows
Through the buttercup patches and clumps of wild rose;
Here the magic enchantment that summer brings
Fills my cup to the brim when a meadow lark sings.

Wealtha S. Mendenhall Appointed to General Board of Relief Society

W. Aird McDonald
Associate, Church Building Program

WEALTHA Spafford Mendenhall of the Ensign Stake, and formerly from Stockton, California, was appointed to the general board of Relief Society, March 28, 1957. She was born in Springville, Utah, to Alma H. and Mary Clyde Spafford. She was married to Wendell Bird Mendenhall (now Chairman of the Church Building Committee), in the Salt Lake Temple, September 30, 1927. Her early education was received in Springville, where she graduated from high school in June previous to her marriage. They have two sons, Paul W. of Honolulu, and Robert L., a student at B.Y.U., and three grandchildren. Elder Mendenhall and both sons have filled missions for the Church in New Zealand.

Mrs. Mendenhall has just returned from accompanying Elder Mendenhall on a trip to the South Pacific for the Church. She was present when Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, laid the cornerstone for the New Zealand Temple, returning home only two days before her new appointment.

The new board member is well qualified by temperament and training for her new position. She has served energetically and efficiently in almost every stake and ward position of Relief Society. She served in the ward presidency in Stockton, 1939-1941, then as ward president

WEALTHA S. MENDENHALL

for three years. She served as the social science class leader on the Sacramento Relief Society stake board for two years and as visiting teacher message leader for two years.

When the stake was divided and San Joaquin Stake was organized in 1948, Sister Mendenhall was called as the social science class leader on the new stake board. Later, she served for three years as stake *Magazine* representative. She was a visiting teacher in Stockton Ward from 1939 until she moved to Salt Lake City in May 1956. Besides her Relief Society work, she was a tireless and dependable worker in all activities of her ward. In the exacting role of wife of a bishop and stake

resident, she was a charming and gracious hostess, and her home became the "hospitality center" of the stake. Visitors to their lovely home in Stockton will long remember those joyous and festive occasions.

Before her Relief Society service, Sister Mendenhall was active in Primary and Sunday School in Provo, Ogden, and Logan, while Elder Mendenhall was finishing his schooling, after his return from his mission. In 1952-3 the Mendenhalls visited their son Paul in New Zealand, and then proceeded on around the world, touring India, Palestine, Italy, France, and England. They returned to the South Pacific and made preparations for and accompanied President and Sister McKay on their tour of the islands in 1955.

A life devoted to Church service has ably fitted Sister Mendenhall for her new position of responsibility which she will fill with grace and humility.

Another June

Dorothy J. Roberts

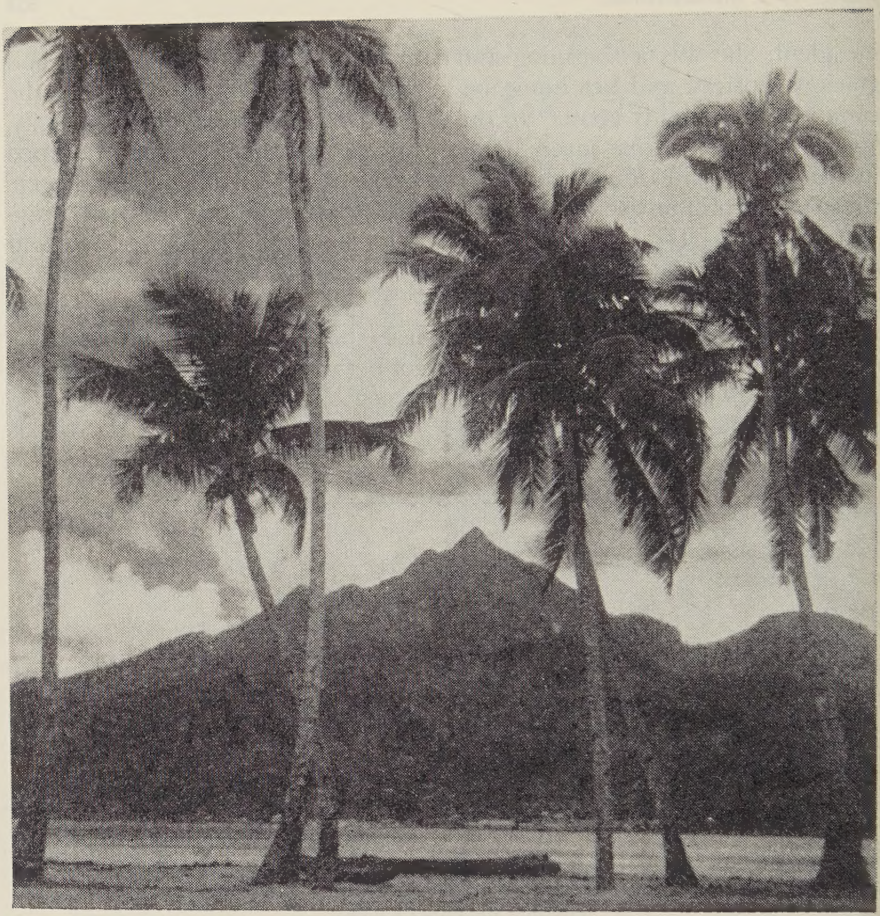
Today another June will come
For new eyes to behold
Where sweet-briars tumble down the fence
In tides of stamened gold.

And today another child will walk,
Holding *his* father's hand
Along the sorrel-colored road
And the patchwork summer land.

Another lad will learn *his* might
Can turn the wayward streams;
Will hear the rocket-song of birds
Make music for *his* dreams.

His mind will carry the crescent mark
From a tawny, feathered throat;
Retain the sweep of crystal air
Hung with a lilting note.

Another summer sun will pour
Power and peace on the loam,
That another heart may beat as mine
Here in an alien home.



Photograph by Rita H. Stone

PAGO PAGO HARBOR, SAMOA

The Samoan Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE first missionaries of the Church to carry the gospel to the Samoan Islands were two native Hawaiians, Kimo Belio and Samuela Manoa, who, in 1862, arrived on the Island of Aunuu, one of the Samoan group. They taught the gospel to the natives, baptized a small number, organized a branch and built a meetinghouse, but they were not adequately supervised and no assistance was sent to them. As the years passed the members gradually fell away from the faith. Belio died in 1876, but Manoa married and continued to live in Aunuu.

The first American missionary to live in the Samoan Islands, appointed by the Church authorities, was Elder Joseph H. Dean, who, accompanied

by his wife, arrived at Aunuu in June 1888. He was met by Samuela Manoa, who proved to be of great assistance to him in beginning the missionary work.

In October 1888, three more elders arrived from Utah to labor under the direction of President Dean in the Samoan Mission. They were William O. Lee, Adelbert Beesley, and Edward J. Wood. With the assistance of the natives, the four brethren erected a new meetinghouse, held meetings, made converts, and organized a branch of the Church.

In November 1888, in order to extend their activities, President Dean and Elders Beesley and Wood visited the Island of Tutuila. They remained several months and held meetings in all the towns and villages. Before beginning their return journey they purchased a small sailing vessel, in order that they might travel from island to island as they desired.

The work was now greatly extended and branches of the Church were established in Upolu and Savaii. A statistical report of the Samoan Mission made in 1893, showed 253 members, which included two priests and twelve teachers. By 1930 the number of members had increased to 4,491, including forty-four elders, sixty-two priests, and one teacher. Today there are in the Samoan Mission, 7,558 members, located in fifty-six branches. The mission president is Charles I. Sampson. Fifty-five Relief Society organizations, with 700 members, were reported in December 1956. Thelma H. Sampson presides over the Samoan Mission Relief Society.

Photograph by Rita H. Stone

HARVESTING COCONUTS, A STAPLE FOOD IN SAMOA

Slight Hazards

Deone R. Sutherland

KATHERINE stirred the wheat cereal into the boiling water and looked across Peterson's back yard into Arnold's next door. Carrie Arnold sat in the early spring-frayed grape arbor painting a picture of what? "Of Mount Majestic." Katherine's eyes filled with tears. What was the matter with her? She had been like this almost ever since Bobby had been born just three weeks ago. She was so happy to have this fourth baby, she knew. Yet what was it that filled her with resentment every time she looked toward Carrie's? Katherine blinked the tears from her eyes as the Arnold's back door slammed.

"Carrie! Carrie!" Tom Arnold's strident, exasperated voice carried into the Peterson's neat little kitchen. From habit Katherine Peterson shut her ears to it, but she couldn't help noticing how slowly Carrie rose to answer the summons, how she stopped to dab once more at the painting before, with the utmost serenity, she turned and, with flapping houseslippers, went dilatorily into the Arnold house.

Katherine opened the drawer for the napkins and crossed to the breakfast room. The knock at the back door did not take her by surprise. She finished tucking each napkin at the five place settings and then went quietly to the door. Little Nana Arnold stood there blinking up at her, her small face seemingly all blue eyes, an elf child, a nymph, this little Nana. Katherine felt the same stir as if she'd read a line of poetry when she looked into this child's face.

"Mrs. Peterson, could we please borrow enough butter for our toast? Mama says she'll be sure to pay it back."

"Of course, come in." Katherine had given up trying to keep the many borrowings of her neighbor straight. Besides, Carrie often brought over a whole sack of something or other or made some other extravagant gesture to make up for any inconvenience she had caused Katherine. At first Katherine had been annoyed. She would never dream of being so careless with what she might owe another person. But that was before she had become resigned to Carrie.

As Katherine took out the quarter of a pound of butter, again there was that ridiculous lump in her throat. She busied herself in the refrigerator for a moment.

"Hi, Nana, aren't you ready for school yet?" It was her Margaret, the same age as Nana, but half a head taller.

"Not yet," said Nana, dismissing school with a shrug. "Guess what, Margaret? I'm going to dance in the Civic Auditorium at the May festival. My mother was really happy. She says I'm going to be a great ballerina someday," and Nana whirled and twirled around the Peterson kitchen, which suddenly seemed to Katherine so commonplace as to be almost unbearable.

"That's fine," Margaret said kindly, her brown eyes scarcely noticing

Nana. Her interest was in her schoolbooks at the window seat. "Did you read about Leeuwenhoek last night? We had family night, and Daddy let me read the whole story . . . ." Margaret was putting her lunch on her pile of school books.

"No," said Nana, on one toe eager to be out the door.

Katherine handed her the butter.

"You can call for me, Margaret," Nana offered.

"Okay," said Margaret, "but we won't wait if you're not ready."

Nana was whirling across the lawn.

"Would you like to take dancing?" Katherine handed Margaret the sugar.

"I guess so. Of course, I'm already taking piano and violin, so I'm pretty busy." Her brown eyes looked directly at her mother with an almost adult kindliness. "Mother, Miss Lester says I'm the best reader in the whole class."

There was that lump in Katherine's throat again. She poured the milk so hurriedly she almost spilled it.

DAVID came in with four-year-old Mark piggyback. John was putting his lunch beside his cap, and then they all sat down to breakfast. David helped Mark say the blessing, and unfolded his napkin. "Was that Nana leaping across our flower beds?"

"Yes." Katherine cut into her grapefruit. "Butter for their toast," she anticipated her husband's question.

"If you could just pass me a few balls as soon as you get home, Daddy—" John was saying earnestly. That conversation must have started upstairs, Katherine thought. She listened absent-mindedly while David agreed to hurry home. She rose as soon as David finished and then was tempted to sit down again. What would it be like to linger at the breakfast table and read the paper or even a magazine the way Carrie often did? But if she did that, there would be no family prayers. They always retired to the living room for family prayers before David went, and then the children cleared the table while Katherine prepared for washing the dishes. Katherine had learned early that the children worked much more happily and willingly, if she worked at a task along beside them.

Katherine knelt beside the sofa and leaned her cheek against her hands. She was so thankful for the children and her lovely home, for David who always came home so promptly and eagerly from work. She thought of Tom Arnold who often did not get home until very late in the evening after the children's bedtime. She guiltily forced her thoughts back to John, who was taking his turn at saying the family prayer.

David patted her on the back and kissed her goodbye. "Take a good long rest today—morning and afternoon. We can do anything that needs doing when we come home. You look kind of pale."

"She looks sad," Mark said.

"No, I don't," Katherine laughed at him as his father swung him into the air for his goodbye kiss. Margaret and John joined in the leave taking. They make such a fuss over

him, Katherine thought to herself. He is the world's best father. She'd banish all signs of disorderly thinking, she promised herself. Children were too discerning.

After the kitchen was straightened, the two school children were ready to take their leave. John spelled his five new words for her proudly. He was always so careful with his work. There were no better children anywhere. But maybe she was spoiling them for all the fun in life by making them be consistent with their chores, be in by five on school nights because Daddy came half an hour later. Now there was little Peter Arnold in the top half of his pajamas, happily petting his cat on the back steps in the chilly morning air. Maybe in bundling up her children she had bundled up something of their spirits.

John and Margaret hadn't waited for Nana. She bit her lip. Was it unnatural for her children to refuse to be late for school? What if they were late one morning? She couldn't believe that she was thinking such things.

Mark had his cap on and was struggling with his jacket. "I can do it, I can do it!" he exclaimed proudly, when she offered to help. And, of course, he did do it. He was bundled against the chilly spring morning and out to play with a kiss from Katherine.

She went upstairs when she heard the baby cry. How was it possible, she thought to herself, that each child was more wonderful than anything they had dreamed of? When he was bathed and fed, and sleepy, she laid him back in his bassinet.

MARK and Peter were arguing in the kitchen. Katherine felt the calm that the nursery had brought her begin to disappear. Peter was dressed after a fashion, but his shoes were damp and sandy. She couldn't lock her door against the children, but they never seemed to remember to wipe their feet. At least Peter didn't.

"I'm hungry," Peter said hopefully.

"Didn't you eat breakfast at home, Peter?" At least her voice was perfectly calm.

"Oh, yes," Peter said indifferently.

"Well, go and tell your own mother you're hungry for a change." Katherine leaned against the sink. What had possessed her to say such a terrible thing?

"She's painting," Peter said from habit.

"Well, then, tell her to stop painting and to give you some food."

Katherine felt it couldn't be she who was talking. Her voice must be perfectly normal, for Mark accepted the unusual conversation without the slightest indication of alarm. The two little boys trotted across the yard to the Arnold house. Katherine began dust mopping the upstairs bedrooms. She had finished down the stairs when she heard the Arnold screen door bang. She crossed to the window. The two little boys were happily eating slices of bread covered with jam. Carrie opened the back door and handed out two tall glasses of milk. She would have to dash over and tell Carrie she was sorry about being so rude to the boys. Then Carrie came out and sat on the back porch and ate a slice of bread herself. No,

here was nothing to apologize to Carrie about. Carrie wouldn't have hurt feelings. She accepted the world as she found it. Perhaps Carrie was the one who had time to know she was alive, and Katherine was the one who was being bypassed.

THE front door chime interrupted her thoughts. It was her mother, and she opened the door eagerly. The small, white-haired woman, so neat and cheerful, fragrant with a suggestion of scent, bustled in like a sudden warm south wind. How soft and familiar was the cheek she kissed. How sure and purposeful were the hands that drew off the gloves.

"Oh, Mother, I'm so glad to see you. I'm having the blues this morning." Katherine had to stop talking. Another moment and she'd burst into tears. And the crazy thing was that there was simply nothing in her life to cry about. What on earth could be the matter?

"You need to get out. It's just that you're feeling tied down. A new baby makes you feel like that sometimes. What you should do is call someone and go somewhere for lunch . . . ."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't like that really. But, Mother, would you mind, maybe I will just go visiting next door for a bit. I haven't been over to Carrie's for ages, and I can check on Mark."

Her mother was already slipping into one of her aprons. "Stay awhile, won't you? I want to spend a little time with my newest grandson. He is such a darling. Papa says he's the image of some of the Johnsons, but I guess the Petersons think he's a lot like David. His chin now . . . ."

Katherine pulled on her coat and fled through the back door. Carrie had gone in. She went up the back steps and knocked on the door. The boys were digging in the bare back yard. They were so busy they hardly noticed her. "Grandma's over to our house, Mark," she said.

"Oh, boy," said Mark, but he went on digging. "I got to finish these caves."

"Have to," corrected Katherine as Carrie called to her to come in. Katherine stepped into the cluttered kitchen. The breakfast dishes still lay on the table and cupboard. A cereal box had tipped over and spilled from cupboard to floor.

"In here," Carrie called. "I'm in the living room."

The ironing board was open, but Carrie was working at a sewing machine. Curls of dust looked bleakly into the sun slanting down from the long, bare windows.

"I'm making me the cutest skirt," Carrie smiled, sweeping up some pins with her hand. She dropped the skirt on a small table and crossed to the couch where she curled up with her bare legs beneath her. "No, no, it's all right. I've been hunting for an excuse to stop working. Besides, you never get over to see me, you're so busy, so this is a real occasion. All I have are some stale doughnuts. We can eat those."

"No thanks," Katherine laughed. "I'm just in need of—of someone to talk to, I guess. Someone not in the family—if you know what I mean."

Carrie nodded and twisted her hair up into her pony tail. How comfortable Katherine felt. Carrie always made people feel so at ease. Even if there was always such a clutter in her house, you always felt welcome.

Katherine looked out the front window to the grass just beginning to show an interest in being green again. "You're always so calm, Carrie, you never seem to have any problems . . . ."

Carrie tossed her head back against the couch and began to laugh at the ceiling. "I admit I don't spend much time *worrying* about problems, but my, I really have them. I guess you didn't know about Miss Lester arranging appointments for me with a child psychologist over Nana . . . ."

Katherine stared at Carrie, "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to . . . ."

"It's all right," Carrie smiled. "Nana's always had little nervous tics, but then she began bursting into tears in school—in class for no reason. Anyway, to make a long story short, it seems I'm too permissive as a parent. We don't have enough rules. The children aren't secure because I let them do pretty much as they please."

KATHERINE shut her eyes and then opened them. Darling little Nana not feeling secure. She remembered how Margaret and John complained when they had to report home at five on school nights to take care of chores and homework and to help get ready for dinner. She had been feeling guilty about that.

"And Tom," Carrie's voice went on, "well, Tom does most of his work in the office or the public library because he can't stand the clutter at home, he says. You should hear him about . . . ."

Katherine felt a moment's embarrassment. Yes, she had heard Tom, and she'd always wondered what kind of person he was to raise his voice so. She closed her mind to further thoughts on that subject. She had no right to listen to these problems.

"But I'm going to try to change. I'm going to get over and visit you more, Katherine. I always used to feel happier after being over to your house. I'd determine to go home and be a better wife and mother. I'm going to work out a schedule and really stick to it."

An hour later, when Katherine took a hungry little boy home to lunch with her, she felt in such good spirits that she wondered how she could have been so blue that morning. Her mother had finished folding the clothes out of the dryer and had fed Bobby.

"I did your vacuuming, too," she greeted Katherine, "and your lunch is on the table. Come on, Mark, Grandma will help you get washed up for lunch. Then I'm going to slip home and fix Papa his lunch, but I won't go unless you promise to take a good long nap to make up for this morning. But I can see the visit did you good. You know, Katherine, a visit in your friendly, happy home is always such a joy to Papa and me."

Katherine lay down beside Mark and held his hand until he drifted off to sleep. Then she slipped into

er own room and stretched out on he big double bed. In a moment he was asleep. Mark never napped or much more than an hour, so Catherine usually provided an hour f quiet play for him after his nap, efore he went outside again. He ainted or colored or cut with toy issors or molded with clay. Today he buttoned him into one of the any paint smocks she had made om David's old shirts and got out he tubes of finger paints. While e worked she lay on the floor and id her exercises.

After a moment she got up and ent to the back door. There had een no knock, but she opened it nyway. Yes, there was Peter wait- ng patiently on the back step for Mark. "Come in, Peter," she said ently, "come in and help Mark ngerpaint for a while. I have a mock just especially for you, too."

Peter's eyes sparkled. It would e more fun for Mark with a friend, oo. She should have done this be- ore.

JOHN and Margaret dashed in after school to change clothes nd then dashed out to play again. romptly at five they came in and ashed. John set the table while Margaret helped her mother with he dinner. Katherine looked out he window. Yes, it was five-thirty, nd there was David. What a dash here was to the door to greet Daddy.

"Plenty of time to pass a few alls," Daddy assured him. He put is briefcase away. "It's worth com- ng home to get a reception like hat," David grinned at Katherine s he kissed her.

"Hurry, Daddy," John coaxed. Mark and Peter tagged along to watch.

After dinner and the dishes, John said his combinations in arithmetic for David, and Margaret told about an electric magnet they had made at school that day. Then Margaret practised her music while Katherine put up the lunches for the next day. It was almost bedtime for the children. David would be carrying Mark up any minute. He'd already had his bath with John, and David had helped him into his pajamas. She could see his head curled against David's shoulder as he read about Winnie the Pooh pretending he was a cloud and floating up with a balloon to the hive of bees.

Katherine looked around the neat kitchen, shining with anticipation for tomorrow's breakfast. She hung out fresh colorful dish towels she had embroidered before she and David were married.

"I'm going to help Carrie, and she can help me," she said softly to herself.

One of Carrie's lovely paintings would look beautiful in the hall. It was wonderful to have a talent like that. But homemaking was wonderful, too, and it did take ingenuity and quick thinking and planning to make a day end happily and make the home a place where the family wanted to be. She flipped out the kitchen light and watched the moonlight lap against the window sill. The house was quiet. Family prayer, the trip upstairs, the tucking in, all were over for the night. Katherine carried Bobbie downstairs and rocked him in the big rocker while David read at his desk.

"Turn on the television if you like," David said, "it won't bother me."

"I'm enjoying the quiet," Katherine laughed, hugging the baby to her.

"You've loved him long enough," David said in a few minutes. "It's my turn now."

He cradled new little Bobby into his arms, and then when he absolutely refused to open even an eye, David took him upstairs and put him in his bassinet for the night.

Katherine opened a magazine and read: "Homemaking, the Ideal Career for Women." She would loan this to Carrie. Both of us need articles like this, she thought.

"Katherine. Katherine." David had sat down on the couch beside her. He held out two white envelopes. It took her a moment to realize that David meant for her to open them.

"Oh, David!"

There were tickets to the spring Community Concert series and tickets to the Little Theater.

"It will be wonderful to go," and she hugged him delightedly.

"You seemed so downhearted this morning that I thought maybe you needed some cheering up, or at least a change of scenery."

Had she been depressed this morning? Yes, she had forgotten. She concentrated for a minute trying to puzzle out just what had been the matter the last few days and this morning. Well, it didn't matter; she was back on an even keel now. She snuggled up against David and opened her magazine again. A homemaker *was* important; anyway, *she* knew she was, and she turned the page.

Dear Flag

Ivy Houtz Woolley

Dear Flag—
Did you borrow the red from the reddest rose
And match it with patriot's blood?
Did the heart of that flower feel a soldier's last pulse
While it still held that glow in the bud?

Dear Flag—
Did a soul before you were born
Bring his whiteness and offer to you
The unsullied promise of courageous ones
Who died for the thing they held true?

Dear Flag—
Did the heavens above take a strip from her breast
Bedeck it with resplendent stars,
Then fashion it after a pattern from God
Completed with red and white bars?

Dear Flag—
Do you thrill as I do when proudly you float
In the air, on the land and the sea?
Your message from God, "Right is might, right is right—"
With this plan our great land was made free.

A Relief Society Gleaning

Rachel Grant Taylor

RECENTLY a tiny photo two and one-half by four inches, bequeathed to me because my name was Rachel, became a challenge. I had known three of the six women in the picture from childhood, my grandmother Rachel Grant, Aunt Emmeline Wells, and Bathsheba Smith, but who were the other three, and what offices did they hold in the Relief Society?

They were all fine looking women and had been carefully posed. Their dark dresses with pleats and points, white collars, and long watch chains, were most interesting. Apparently, the photographer did not say "Smile," perhaps because they were the dignified officers of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society.

The date, May 1873, on the back of the picture led me to visit the Church Historian's office and ask if they had any records that might assist me in my search for the names of the officers of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society at that time. To my delight, the attendant brought out a much-used but well preserved brown leather book, containing 650 closely written pages of minutes. Included in the minutes were the names of all members and the dates they joined the society.

The minutes of the May meeting in 1873, revealed the probable reason for the photo being taken, for Margaret Mitchell, Grandmother's second counselor, was leaving for the Sandwich Islands, where her husband was to become the mission president. The records gave desired names and dates for my picture—Rachel Ivins Grant, President, April 18, 1868; Bathsheba W. Smith, First Counselor, May 6th, 1869; Margaret Mitchell, Second Counselor, April 18, 1868; Elizabeth Goddard, Secretary, April 18, 1868; Emmeline B. Wells, Assistant Secretary, May 1871; and Mary Musser, Treasurer, May 3, 1871.

Grandmother Grant and Elizabeth Goddard served as president and secretary of the society for thirty years. Here are some of the first and last entries of this outstanding historical record:

Record of the organization of the Female Relief Society of the Thirteenth Ward, Salt Lake City:

Bishop Woolley's residence
April 18th, 1868

Present: Bishop Edwin D. Woolley [Grandfather of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.] and his counselors, W. S. Godbe and F. A. Mitchell.

Meeting opened by prayer by the Bishop after which the bishop took the chair and Brother W. S. Godbe was appointed secretary pro tem.

The bishop made some very interesting remarks relative to the organization about to be formed. Said that he had been slow with regard to the Society—that he had not felt the spirit of it until he had heard the remarks of President Young expressed at the last conference—that it was not his habit to be in a hurry in his movements but be cool and deliberate. He said in the organization he wished to select such sisters for officers as would listen to his council and carry out such measures as he should suggest from time to time.

Photograph by C. W. Carter

OFFICERS OF THE THIRTEENTH WARD
(SALT LAKE CITY) RELIEF SOCIETY, May 1873

Front row, seated, left to right: Margaret Mitchell, Second Counselor, appointed April 18, 1868; Rachel R. Grant, President, April 18, 1868; Bathsheba W. Smith, First Counselor, May 6, 1869.

Back row, standing, left to right: Emmeline B. Wells, Assistant Secretary, May 1, 1871; Elizabeth Goddard, Secretary, April 18, 1868; Mary Musser, Treasurer, May 13, 1871.

The bishop continued by saying that if the sisters needed assistance the brethren would be on hand to help—that he did not wish them to perform heavy and laborious duties, such as would tax their strength. He wished them to go to work to make their own clothing and establish such fashions for dress as would be becoming for the Saints and not subject themselves to imitate fashions which are invented and worn by dishonorable women of the world.

The bishop then suggested that the meeting proceed to organize the Society and moved that Mrs. Rachel R. Grant be chosen president which was seconded and carried unanimously.

He then moved that Mrs. Grant proceed to choose her counselors.

Mrs. Grant then made choice of Mrs. Annie Godbe for her first counselor and Mrs. Margaret Mitchell for her second counselor, which was carried unanimously.

The bishop and his counselors laid their hands upon the head of Mrs. Grant and blessed and ordained her and set her apart to be the presidentess over the Female Relief Society of the Thirteenth Ward, the bishop officiating as spokesman.

They then proceeded to ordain Mrs.

Godbe and set her apart to act as first counselor to the Presidentess. Brother Godbe officiating in the same manner, they ordained Mrs. Mitchell to act as second counselor to Mrs. Grant and with Mrs. Godbe to assist her in all the various duties of her office and councillor.

It was then moved that Mrs. Elizabeth M. Goddard be chosen to act as secretary and Mrs. Ann L. Musser as treasurer, seconded and carried unanimously. (Fourteen sisters were named as teachers in the ward.)

The bishop invited Miss E. R. Snow to make remarks, when she arose and addressed the sisters present, by saying this society had much for its encouragement in the kind remarks of the bishop and also in combining a great amount of ability—that inasmuch as the sisters keep themselves humble and united there is nothing to prevent them doing much good, becoming truly a model society, as suggested by the bishop. Very appropriate and instructive remarks were then made by Elders Godbe and Mitchell. Meeting adjourned to April 30th at Mrs. Mary Godbe's residence at 2 p.m.

William S. Godbe
Secretary Pro Tem.

INCLUDED in the minutes throughout the book was a record of the donations of members. A summary of these was included in an item that mentioned Father's [President Heber J. Grant's] aid to the society.

Through the management of H. J. Grant in 1886, the investment in the Thirteenth Ward store was sold to J. P. Freeze for $1,000 with which was purchased nine shares in Z.C.M.I. Have also deposited $432 in the State Bank of Utah at eight per cent interest. Bro. Heber J. Grant donated to the Society $50, whose liberality helped to increase our investment. The total disbursements to the poor amount to $3710 cash. In merchandise $1758. This is dating from 1868 to 1893. To Temple $805.50. Merchants $105.00, to hospital $102.00, to Emigration $161.99, Wheat $185.85. Building $232.40, Silk factory $20. Have dispersed from two to five hundred dollars in carpets, blinds, curtains and other adornments for assembly room.

To make their record complete, Sister Goddard wrote of the first organization of the society:

Historical Sketch of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society

First account of the society formed was on 29th August 1855. On September 19th Sister Pascal was appointed to act as president and treasurer and Sister Elizabeth Goddard as secretary.

Meetings were held in the basement of the Social Hall, which were devoted to sewing, such as making quilts, sewing carpet rags towards making a carpet for the old Tabernacle, braiding straw for bonnets, etc. In 1857 the meeting discontinued on account of the unsettled state with regard to the army coming to molest us, which caused us to leave our homes and go south.

On the 18th of August 1868 the society was organized according to the pattern of the first organization instituted by the Prophet Joseph Smith on March 17th, 1842.

To end her records, Sister Goddard wrote the following touching message:

These are the last minutes I can write in this book. Feel thankful to my Heavenly Father that he has enabled me to record so many pages in the 30 years acting as secretary. I now resign this book to others, on account of my advanced age. Praying that the work will prosper in younger and more efficient hands. And that the blessings of the Lord may ever be with my dear sisters of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society and all other wards engaged in this labor of love until it shall be said "There are no poor in Zion."

Lovingly your sister and fellow worker,
Elizabeth Goddard.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

HONORING OUR PARENTS: It is right and proper that children should honor their parents, and what is more fitting than to meet together on their parents' natal day . . . and talk over the reminiscences of their childhood and rehearse all the good and pleasant things they have experienced, and store their minds with memories rich and precious to hand down to coming generations. . . . If children have differences they are soon forgotten and naught but the happy times remembered. Ties have been formed that will never be broken. Children grow up, get married and are in a measure separated, but there is in each heart a bond of love. A love that has grown with their lives and will continue to grow stronger and stronger while life shall last, and in the eternal worlds it will grow no less.

—Editorial

THE PIONEER JUBILEE: Great preparations are going forward here and in other adjacent locations for celebrating the Pioneer Jubilee of a half century; the Hall of Relics is nearing its completion and is quite artistic in design, and presents something of the appearance in its whiteness of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago. . . . The foundation for the monument in honor of Brigham Young is also in process and the work is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The pioneers themselves, the real veterans, should be honored and made to feel that their labors are appreciated by those who are reaping in great measure the benefits of their toil and endeavors. . . .

—News Note

VICTORIA THE GREAT

The dew was on the summer lawn,
The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came as fresh as dawn
A maiden with majestic mien . . . .

Longer and longer may she reign,
As through a summer night serene,
Whence day doth never wholly wane;
God spare and bless our empress-queen.

—Alfred Austin

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SUMMIT STAKE: President Mary C. Atwood presiding, said: "I am pleased to say we have the annual reports from every branch in the Stake, we number seventeen branches, three of them being in Wyoming." . . . . Elmina S. Taylor said, ". . . The Prophet Joseph turned the key of knowledge for women; he made it possible for us to meet together and speak of the principles of the Gospel. I say God bless this noble band of sisters that administer to the needy." . . . Sister Emma Goddard . . . advised daughters to love and cherish their parents while they live . . . .

—L.N.

MRS. GARRETT'S PARTY: There was a very pleasant gathering of brethren and sisters at the home of Elder Geo. B. Wallace in this city on the afternoon of Thursday June 10, the occasion being the birthday of his daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Garrett. The rooms were fragrant with the odor of June roses . . . . Sister Garrett is very fond of old ladies and quite a number were invited to her party. Sisters Susan Grant and Melissa Lambson, both pioneers of 1847, helped with their remembrances. . . .

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ENRICO FERMI, widow of the famed nuclear physicist, attended in 1955 as historian for the Atomic Energy Commission, the Atoms-for-Peace Conference in Geneva, Switzerland. In the book she subsequently authored, *Atoms for the World*, she predicts that Russia between 1950-1960, will graduate 1,200,000 scientists and engineers, compared with 900,000 in the United States—300,000 more graduates than we are likely to have.

ERICA ANDERSON is the author of *The World of Albert Schweitzer*, a book of unusual photographs taken at the famous mission hospital at Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa, where, for fifty years, this great medical missionary carried on his work of helping the natives and studying tropical diseases. His philosophy is "Reverence for Life."

MRS. IVY BAKER PRIEST, United States Treasurer, was the overwhelmingly amazed guest of honor on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" television program, on March 13. National admiration was hers as the story of her gallant early struggle unfolded—all the way from her childhood epoch at Bingham Canyon, Utah, to Bountiful, Utah, to Washington, D. C.

MRS. R. F. HERNDON, of Springfield, Illinois, died in March at the age of one hundred and two years. She is believed to be the last person in Springfield who had seen Abraham Lincoln.

MRS. ARTHUR U. (Blanche) MINER, mother of four children, an intelligent, talented, public-spirited woman, and a Latter-day Saint, has been appointed to the Board of Regents of the University of Utah.

MANY descendants of titled French families are influential in French life today. The Duchess of Montesquieu - Fezensac, one of the most beautiful women of France, is a grandmother and holds an M.D. degree. The Countess of Paris, who would be Queen of France today had the Bourbon dynasty survived, is a very popular public figure and the mother of eleven children. Countess Jean de Beaumont is the capable mayor of the village of Mareil-sur-Mauldre. The heroic nurse of the Indo-Chinese war, the "angel of Dienbienphu," is young Viscountess Genevieve de Galard-Terraube, now wed.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 JUNE 1957 NO. 6

The 127th Annual Church Conference

AT the conclusion of the 127th annual conference of the Church, tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints had gained a renewed determination to live the gospel more fully. Each succeeding conference seems to be more vital, more spiritual and uplifting than the last, perhaps, because the need for renewed spirituality is more urgent. Hearts swelled with gratitude as words of encouragement, warning, and counsel were spoken by President David O. McKay and by other General Authorities.

President David O. McKay presided and conducted all seven sessions of the conference and all of the General Authorities were in attendance. Elder Marion G. Romney gave the C.B.S. "Church of the Air" sermon, "The Voice of the Spirit." Proceedings of the general Priesthood meeting, which was held Saturday evening, April 6, in the Tabernacle, were carried by closed circuit to ninety-five assemblages of the Priesthood of the Church throughout the United States and Canada.

After telling of the growth and activity in the Church during the past year, President McKay used as his text for his opening address, Matthew 7:21: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." He said that "salvation is an individual affair," and that it is "an outstanding doctrine of the Church that each individual carries the responsibility to work out his own salvation." He described salvation as a "process of gradual development," stating:

"He who would ascend the stairway leading upward to eternal life must tread it step by step from the base stone to the summit of its flight. Not a single stair can be missed, not one duty neglected, if the climber would avoid danger and delay, and arrive with all safety and expedition at the topmost landing of the celestial exaltation."

PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards explained to the saints that reproof of the "wayward" is proper when given in love and kindness. He stated that the Lord had revealed to the Latter-day Saints the manner in which reproof should be given. He then quoted:

> No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned . . . .
>
> Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy (D. & C. 121:41, 43).

President Richards continued: "I know that a great effort is being put forth by millions of good people to hold before the youth the advantages and the lasting values emanating from the teachings of our Lord." He stressed that it is necessary "to make clear that the kingdom of God is a kingdom of law; that the governing laws are of divine origin; that they are eternally right and do not change — interpretations may vary, but the laws are eternal; that infraction of the law is sin and draws a penalty."

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clark, Jr. stated in his scholarly address on the subject of the Constitution of the United States being a divine system of human government, that our "great and priceless liberties, including the security of our homes and property, our freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of religion and the free exercise thereof, indeed freedom itself and its liberties as our fathers knew and enjoyed, as also, ourselves, depend upon its preservation."

President Clark further stated: ". . . the divine sanction . . . repeatedly given by the Lord himself to the Constitution of the United States . . . makes the principles of that document an integral part of my religious faith." He further declared: "God gave us the power, each of us, to enshrine in our hearts the eternal truths of our Constitution, that, come what may, we shall never desert these truths, but work always and unceasingly that, as Lincoln said, 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

Conference is a miraculous time—conference time affects for good people in many parts of the world.

It was a blessed privilege to hear the words of counsel, admonition, and encouragement from the General Authorities given within the hallowed walls of the historic Tabernacle on Temple Square, April 5, 6, and 7th, 1957. Relief Society sisters throughout the Church were impressed with a great desire to maintain homes where the gospel principles are taught and lived, and where spirituality prevails.

—H. W. A.

In Memoriam - Lucy Jane Brimhall Knight

December 13, 1875 — March 31, 1957

LUCY Jane (Jennie) Brimhall Knight, beloved leader among women, and former counselor in the general presidency of Relief Society, died at her home in Edgemont, Provo, Utah, March 31, 1957. She was a daughter of George H. Brimhall, former President of Brigham Young University, and Alsina Wilkins Brimhall. Her husband, J. Will Knight, devoted Church worker and prominent in the industrial development of the West, died in March 1956. Two sons and ten brothers and sisters survive Sister Knight.

Interested in civic improvement and in education, Sister Knight supported with her time and means many worthy endeavors. She and her husband were generous patrons of Brigham Young University, and she was honored by B.Y.U. in 1951 as a distinguished alumnus. One of the women's dormitories was named in her honor in 1954. She was a member of the B.Y.U. Emeritus Club.

Sister Knight's service in the auxiliary organizations of the Church began in her young womanhood. While living in Canada, she was active in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association and in the Sunday School.

She was appointed by President Heber J. Grant in 1921 as First Counselor to President Clarissa S. Williams in the general presidency of Relief Society. She acted in this position with devotion and gracious qualities of inspirational leadership. With the release of Sister Williams in 1928, Sister Knight, while relieved of her responsibilities in the general presidency, continued as a member of the general board until 1939. She was a competent administrator and a judicious and understanding friend of women. Blessed with fluency of expression and a beautiful speaking voice, she represented the general board on many occasions with distinction. She was a delegate to meetings of the National Council of Women and represented Relief Society at two national conferences on social work and attended many other important conventions and meetings.

Sister Knight served as matron in the Salt Lake Temple from 1944 to 1947 while her husband served in the temple presidency.

She will be long remembered as a lovely and capable woman in whose life the qualities of compassion, intelligence, and understanding were beautifully blended.

June in the Kaibab

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I walked alone into the wood
And was companioned there;
Not by the curious fawn that stood
Then sprang off light as air.

And not by pink and columbine
That touched my sandaled feet.
A greater comradeship was mine,
Root-deep and leaf-complete.

Here was a friendliness to gain
Fir-tall and pinion-wide.
Peace was as near as my own vein
And courage walked beside.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Summer Work Meetings

IT is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September 1957.

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for Sunday, November 3, 1957, "To Build a Spiritual House," was mailed to Relief Society stake presidents in May 1957. We urge that these programs be distributed to the wards without delay.

The program includes two numbers from the Singing Mothers chorus. For these numbers it is recommended that a sacred anthem already in their repertoire be chosen, and an appropriate hymn from the Latter-day Saint hymn book. It is suggested that these numbers be practiced during the summer months.

Copies of "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" Available

COPIES of the book *Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?* by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. are again available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for $2 postpaid. An invaluable reference on the visit of Jesus to the temple at twelve years of age, the book gives details on temple ceremonies and sacrifices in the time of Christ, with illustrations. This book makes an excellent gift.

Bride's Choice

Ethel Jacobson

Satin shall I wear, or lace,
With a train of airy grace?
Thistledown and moonbeams, please,
A thrush-enchanted summer breeze,
Pearls that decked a mermaid's ear,
And silver moth wings, cobweb-sheer.

Velvet shall it be, or silk,
Soft as ermine, white as milk?
Weave a film of candle glow
Stitched with petals row on row,
With morning's stars to wreathe my hair . . . .
Embroider me a dream to wear!

Modesty Is the Best Policy

Keeping Due Measure

SUSAN looked down at the beautiful alexandrite ring which she had recently received from her brother who had been touring in Egypt. She was watching the brilliances which were reflected from the many precision cut facets as she moved the ring from bright sunlight into the shadow. She had noticed that in the sunlight the stone would be a blue-green and, in artificial light, it would almost be a maroon color. "Look, Mother," she said finally, "this ring doesn't confine itself to just one beautiful color."

Her mother admired the brilliant stone again and replied, "No, dear, it doesn't. It is like many of the virtues of life which aren't confined to just one phase of our lives."

"That's like modesty," Susan said. "Modesty is featured on the last new poster at the chapel. Modesty doesn't reflect good taste in clothes alone, but also in our actions. What else would you think modesty would include, Mother?"

"What about the way you talk and the respect which you have for yourself?" her mother answered.

Even though their conversation was interrupted by a telephone call, Susan didn't let the analogy of modesty and the ring go completely out of her thoughts. She remembered conversations with her girl friends, and how they had expressed the idea that modesty referred only to clothes and the manner in which people dressed.

Susan checked the dictionary for the meaning of modesty and found that the word "modest" came from a Latin word "modestus" which means "keeping due measure." The thought came to her, one must keep due measure in every phase or activity of life. How grateful she was that her parents set this example before her and her brothers and sisters. In reviewing their home life, Susan could see that her parents did try to keep due measure. That would be a good motto to keep in mind—to keep due measure in all things—and then, perhaps, her life would reflect true brilliances as did her ring.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Mental Illness - A National Disaster

F. Barry Ryan
President, National Association for Mental Health

CLOUDED by fear, ignorance, shame, and sheer disinterest, the problem of mental illness has been hidden away in the closets of society for generations while its victims have suffered intense agony, disgrace, and banishment.

Only now that it assumes the proportions of a national disaster have we begun to apply the same sane and intelligent approach to the alleviation of mental illness which has been used in conquering such scourges as smallpox, diphtheria, and polio.

More than 250,000 new patients are admitted to mental hospitals each year, and mental disorders are estimated by the United States Public Health Service as an important factor in fifty or seventy per cent of all medical cases treated by physicians.

The National Institute of Mental Health concerns itself with research and extension of community services through legally constituted bodies such as Bureaus of Mental Health in many states.

The National Association for Mental Health, with forty state associations and over 500 local associations affiliated, has a six-point program for improving the nation's mental health:

1. Education (both for citizens and professional personnel)
2. Volunteer services (in mental hospitals and clinics)
3. Information and referral centers
4. Legislation (in support of sound mental health laws and appropriations)
5. Sufficient facilities and personnel (through legislation, scholarships, institutes and seminars)
6. Research

At the Ishtar Gate

"Sic transit gloria mundi"

Elsie N. Chaney

Here is not glory that was Babylon
But *all* glory in its last repose!
Dust and broken brick, from which has flown
All living fragrance, as a rose
Lies scattered on the ground.
From all their emptiness—no sound.

No motion, save the flash of azure wing
Wheeling where the Hanging Gardens stood.
All dungeons open to the sky; no hidden thing
Left secret; no sepulchre retains its golden hood.
O Babylon, I never dreamed your fall so great
Until I stood beside the Ishtar Gate!

Recipes From the Samoan Mission

Submitted by Rita H. Stone

Baked Fish In Coconut Cream

4 fillets of any white fish or
1 No. 1 can red salmon
1 chopped onion
salt and pepper to taste
pe'epe'e (coconut cream)

Place fish in a shallow baking dish, cover with chopped onion. Salt and pepper to taste and cover with pe'epe'e. Bake in moderate oven for one-half hour or until set and nicely browned.

Cocoa Rice

1 c. rice
3 qts. water
sugar to taste
2 tbsp. cocoa
1 c. pe'epe'e

Thoroughly wash the rice and drain. Boil the rice in the water until soft, and add cocoa mixed with a small amount of water and sugar. Just before serving, add the pe'epe'e. This is very good for a breakfast dish.

Palusami

taro leaves
small amount of chopped onion
pe'epe'e
1 12-oz. can corn beef (if desired)

Cook tender taro leaves for ten minutes in boiling water and drain well. Place the leaves in baking dish with a little chopped onion and cover with pe'epe'e. Place in moderate oven until set or thickened. Corn beef may be added for variety.

Young taro leaves are one of the best Samoan greens and provide a good source of vitamins. This is a very common way of serving taro leaves. However, spinach leaves and Swiss chard can be used.

Banana Poi

8 ripe bananas
1 c. pe'epe'e
leaves from orange
or lemon tree

Mash bananas into a pulp and add the pe'epe'e. If leaves from an orange or lemon tree are available, put a few of them in also for added flavor.

Salaki

4 papayas
8 ripe bananas
1 c. pe'epe'e
1 fresh pineapple or
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple

Cut papaya and bananas into small pieces. Peel and grate the fresh pineapple. (1 No. 2 can of crushed pineapple may be used in place of the fresh one.) Combine together with pe'epe'e and a few ice cubes. A very good dessert.

Coconut Balls

ó ruskets (biscuits)
:2 tbsp. cocoa
½ c. raisins
½ c. chopped nuts
1 can condensed milk
sweeten to taste
coconut as needed

Mix together the crushed ruskets, the nuts, cocoa, raisins, and the milk, and press nto little balls. Then roll them in the coconut and leave to set. Do not bake.

Coconut Biscuits

½ c. butter
2 c. sugar
3 c. fresh grated coconut
(not dried or processed)
3 c. flour
3 tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. karo syrup

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the syrup and beat well. Stir in coconut and radually add the flour and baking powder. If the coconut seems very moist, a little nore flour may be added. Place spoonfuls of dough on a greased cooky sheet and bake n a moderate oven.

Raw Fish and Pe'epe'e

Cut any boneless white fish in small pieces. Cover with lemon juice and set for hree hours. Drain well. Cover with pe'epe'e and a little chopped onion, and let it tand for a few minutes and then serve. Excellent for a buffet supper or as an hors d'oeuvre.

Note: Pe'epe'e is the Samoan name for coconut cream and is used often in the preparation of food. It is prepared by grating the coconut meat and straining the cream from the pulp.

Mother and Child

Enola Chamberlin

When she is well and filled with joy
She races in ecstasy,
Giving to others love and smiles
As much as she gives to me.

And yet when the little heart is hurt,
And pain swells the small skinned knee,
She eagerly runs to my open arms
And snuggles down to me.

Help Yourself to Happiness

Frances C. Yost

TIME was, when I had moods. Sad days would come along, and I could not lay my finger on the reason. Moodily, I would get to feeling that nobody liked me, and I brooded about it. Then one day I changed my whole way of living. I found how to help myself to happiness.

There were things I decided to incorporate into my life to make it full and meaningful. Could I do these extra things in addition to my already heavy load? It takes time to be a mother to four, housekeeper to nine rooms, gardener to lawn, flowers, garden, and strawberry patch, and to serve community and Church. Although my days seemed steeped with work, I could not strike one item from my list.

"You will need more hours in a day to accomplish what you have outlined," I told myself. Then my better self replied: "I shall find time for these things that really count."

I pass along my guide for living in the hopes that you, too, can help yourself to happiness:

1. *Do an unpleasant or neglected job.* Time was when I would dread cleaning out a drawer, the basement, or typing a funeral service for someone. I was the world's worst procrastinator. Now, I never dwell on a task at hand, I just surprise myself by doing one. It is surprising how dreaded tasks get behind one when one a day is done.

2. *Do at least one kind deed a day for someone.* Few of us can be philanthropists with money, but we can all be generous of ourselves. In my little way I started doing, like a boy scout, a good turn daily. I try to give of my substance, although I have found people are literally starved for attention, compliments, praise, and encouragement, and these things cost nothing.

3. *Be a good listener.* When someone speaks, I try to listen with the eyes and with the mind, and concentrate on what is being said, whether it is a child or adult speaking. If, for some reason there is an interruption, as soon as possible I say: "You were telling us about. . . ." The informer will never forget your kindness, and will remember you as a good conversationalist.

4. *Read something of lasting value each day.* There is so much of good reading in the world, scriptures, history, biography, poetry, to name but a few. Choose something, even if you have to do snatch reading, for even an artesian well needs priming occasionally.

5. *Do something in a musical way.* Everyone can enjoy music. It was Congreve in *The Mourning Bride,* who said: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It is true that music lifts the soul as nothing else will. As a child I longed for a piano and lessons. Now I am grown I play each day for my own entertainment. The music that was hard to play last week is much easier this. No one is too

old to begin learning music. If no instrument is at hand, the dishpan is a lovely accompaniment for your own voice, and there is also radio or phonograph music to enjoy.

6. *Do something to beautify.* This can entail a lot of time, or be as simple as pulling a weed, picking up a gum wrapper, setting a lawn sprinkler, or making tiebacks for the kitchen curtains.

7. *Do something creative, something lasting.* Someone has said, a woman's work is never done. True, she cleans, cooks, washes, and irons, and does those same tasks over and over, but you can save time for creating a little sewing, crocheting, embroidering, or, if you are gifted, each day you may work on a poem, or a painting. Keats wrote: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

8. *Look up and out.* Too many of us get in the habit of going around looking at our shoes. The beauty of the universe escapes us. Arise early enough to enjoy the sunrise occasionally, or watch the sunset, because they never happen exactly the same. Take time to watch the changing patterns of the clouds. An artist friend has seen the same bear-shaped cloud a number of times, and she watches eagerly for this facsimile. Look as far as the eye can reach.

9. *Enjoy God's greatest creation, humanity.* Each of us can find that people are interesting. Someone has said if you want to grow, associate with older people while young, and younger people when you are old. But each day enjoy all people. It was Lincoln who said, ". . . the Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them." So, enjoy the imagery of little persons and the wisdom of the aged.

10. *Be a real helpmate.* If you have given yourself in marriage, remember to give of yourself. Be your best for that certain someone. Freshen up for him before the day starts, and make your voice, your smile, your personality sparkle for him all day. Try to do something special to please him, like making a batch of his favorite cookies or cake. A man's heart is very close to his stomach. So be a helpmate as God intended a wife should be.

11. *Review the most beautiful experience of the day.* When day is finished and you find yourself between cool white sheets, pick from your day a beautiful memory. All the cares and troubles of the day may pass into oblivion as you dwell on this happy memory. It need not be a big event, little things are beautiful too. Whatever it be, let the memory of it be your last thought, as you drift off to slumber. Pleasant memories will bring pleasant expressions to a time-etched face.

Those are some of my guides to living. Some of them take very little time. They fit into the regular doing of most any day. When too much time is spent on one, several others will work in, in almost no time at all, to compensate. I find that one often helps another.

I pass them along to you, in the hopes that from them you, too, may help yourself to happiness!

A Nursery Will Be Maintained

Edna H. Day

ALMOST always when a newspaper carries the announcement of a Relief Society meeting in our locality, this phrase appears: *A nursery will be maintained.* The nature of the meeting varies: work, theology, social science, or literature, but the nursery announcement is constant.

This helpful nursery service which the organization provides for its members enables young mothers to participate in the wonderful lessons which Relief Society affords. They can relax and pass on to a competent and interested person the responsibility of caring for their little ones while they give full attention to the lessons being presented.

"A competent and interested person?" I did not know what to call the women who preside over our nurseries until the children themselves solved the problem very well by giving the nursery supervisor the dignified and complimentary title of "teacher."

Usually the Junior Sunday School and the Primary nursery classes have been the first to teach the children reverence and group participation, but often the first contact a child has with a Church organization is in the Relief Society nursery. Besides teaching reverence, nurseries introduce the children to the idea of sharing and getting along with others, and participating in games and other group activities.

A box of toys is usually provided by the organization, but good nursery teachers bring additional material which will interest and amuse the children as well as instruct them. Toddlers are satisfied with toys, but the older children get tired of playing with toys. They love to have supervised creative activities, such as cutting and pasting pictures from catalogues and magazines in self-made scratch paper booklets, and painting pictures torn from coloring books; they enjoy writing on the classroom blackboards and placing pictures on flannel boards; they think it is fun to make chains from colored paper; they like to make posters; and they enjoy modeling clay.

With most of these activities the supervisor needs four eyes and six hands, because paste, modeling clay, and crayons taste good to toddlers, and even blunt pointed scissors can be hazardous.

The answer is not to deprive the older children of the pleasure these creative pastimes afford, but to safeguard the toddlers from harm. A table for the older children is the best answer, but a chair partition placed across the center of the room serves very well, and the chairs may be used as tables when the older children kneel by them.

Finger plays and action songs amuse very young boys and girls as well as older children. Mothers are often amazed when toddlers go through the motions of "Heads and

shoulders, knees and toes." Programs are always fun, especially if the teacher has a fund of nursery rhymes to help the backward children so that all can participate. Television shows can be staged with an ordinary box without the bottom and top.

Oddly enough, the children never refer to the room they occupy as the "Nursery." It, too, is Relief Society. "Teacher," they say, "I had to stay home from Relief Society last week because my little brother was sick and mother had to take care of him."

Have you ever wondered how many times the children bring the mothers to Relief Society where a good nursery is provided? You might be surprised.

Last month our local paper ran a full page spread of pictured activities in which Relief Society sisters were shown carrying out various projects: quilting, preparing for bazaars, presenting lessons and—guess what! One ward in our stake chose to feature a nursery full of children, with a supervisor as the only grownup shown. The attendance of children in that ward is usually more than twenty-five for an ordinary meeting, and as many as seventy for special affairs, such as the opening social.

About a year ago the same ward asked one of the supervisors to prepare and read an original poem for the mothers as part of a program. She said:

GRANDMOTHER PRO TEM

The little ones entrusted to my care
I substitute for children of my own;
And see in fairy forms and gleaming hair
Images of my offspring long since grown.
I thrill when tiny hands slip into mine,
(Not questioning my scant ability);
But say, with happy smile and eyes that shine,
"Please, teacher, come and write a duck for me."
Sometimes, with books we set our fancies free,
Or sing, or build a block tower very high;
And all of us are happy, for you see
I seem to feel a grandchild standing by.
I treasure these wee ones you've loaned to me.
Be sure that I shall treat them tenderly.

A Woman's Years

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Cookies and milk, a story read,
Nightgowns placed on a turned-down bed,

Small hands of trust, love-halted tears,
Bright banners these, of a woman's years.

The music of snow sleds, of summer's stream,
Teaching reality, sharing the dream;

A son's tall strength, a bridal dress,
These make a woman's happiness.

And on the mind's deep-rooted tree,
They leaf again in memory.

Mama's Cooking

Christie Lund Coles

I heard a young man say, recently, "We kids may not have had money for every change of show, but we always sat down to a table of really luscious food."

I knew his mother, and I knew by the look in his eyes that the food really had been something special, something to remember.

I remember Mama's cooking as something special, too. Don't you, too, carry such a memory?

Maybe what made it so special was Mama herself, just the way she looked and moved; and tasted, and blended the food; and the warmth and coziness of the large, old-fashioned kitchen with its smells and wonderful aromas, and steam on the windows; and the sight of the food being carried to the golden-oak dining table. Hm!!! It makes my mouth water yet.

It is strange, though, that the food I remember best, was not the fancy food, pies, cakes, and puddings, but rather the more simple, nourishing kind — which, after all, was what we ate when we were most hungry.

I remember on wash day, how we nearly always had scalloped potatoes, because they could be put in the oven and not interfere with the tub of water boiling on top of the coal stove. They were not ordinary scalloped potatoes, mind you. They were special, made with rich, country milk and large slices of fresh side pork, or home-cured bacon (from a neighbor's recent kill) on top. In the oven also were large slabs of Hubbard squash. Funny, my fancy gas range doesn't seem able to make squash bake the same. Not a bit the same.

In the summer, I recall we had raspberries and strawberries growing in our garden. Before them, we had tall, softly pink stalks of rhubarb. My mouth puckers at the thought of how we used to break off a piece and eat it raw. Yet, I remember best, how Mama would cook either the rhubarb or strawberries or raspberries, strain them and thicken the juice with either cornstarch or tapioca, and serve with whipped cream. She called it "red mush" (the Danish name) but by whatever name, it was a dish.

Of course, there was the inevitable chicken soup. And nobody, but *nobody* could make Danish dumplings to taste like hers. They were not a fluffy, large, floury dumpling. But, rather small, and somewhat firm, made with lots of eggs and shortening, (butter, that is) and boiling water. I can tell you how, but I can't guarantee they will taste the same . . . though even mine are something.

First, she would take one-half cup butter (or margerine), one half teaspoon salt, and one cup of water. This, she would heat to boiling while she was sifting and measuring one cup of flour. When the water had reached a rolling boil she would add the flour at once stirring swiftly (preferably with a wooden spoon) until the mixture left the sides of the pan and did not cling to the spoon. When this dough was slightly cooled she would break

three eggs (one at a time) into the dough. Each egg was stirred vigorously into the mixture before the other one was added. Then the dough was dropped a teaspoonful at a time into the boiling soup, the lid was put on the kettle for ten minutes, and . . . well, I just can't tell you, you'll have to try it.

Another thing we liked, was to cook these same dumplings in boiling milk and eat them with sugar and cinnamon.

Enough about dumplings. Or is it? I can distinctly taste the meat dumplings she used to cook with boiled celery. She would take one half pound of ground beef and one half pound pork sausage, season with allspice, salt, pepper, a bit of onion, and drop with a spoon into celery that had been cut up and boiled for ten or fifteen minutes. She would thicken the water in which the meat had been added and cooked, and serve piping hot.

This same meat preparation she would use to stuff a large, scooped-out head of cabbage, or scooped-out large onions. The tops were kept and tied on after the meat was put in, and the vegetables allowed to boil until tender. Then, water which had cooked down, was thickened and used for a gravy.

And I might say, *good gravy*, when do we eat?

But I can't go and see until I have told you about my very favorite dish of all. Sweet soup. And don't let the name frighten you. It has nothing to do with soup as such.

Mother would cook prunes and raisins in about a quart of water until tender, thicken the mixture slightly with tapioca, then add two or three lightly beaten, sweetened eggs just as it was ready to be taken from the fire.

A stick of cinnamon added at the beginning added just the super flavor. Sometimes, she would add fruit juice and canned cherries, raspberries, or strawberries instead of the eggs, but the former was my favorite. It was a must when there was illness or convalescence.

I remember the spareribs she cooked with prunes and apples, the "head cheese" made from the meat of a pig's head (sounds unappetizing, but you should live so long as to taste it), the homemade stuffed sausages, the liver loaf; the pressed veal roll, which took days and days to flavor in a salt brine with leaves of thyme and bay, and more days to press into a firm roll that was sliced on homemade bread, and what the thought of that does to my taste buds!

And I must tell you about her sour-and-sweet red cabbage that practically made Christmas dinner with its goose or its turkey. Yet, it is so simple we should have it often. She would shred a head of red cabbage, boil it in water, add several tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a half cup of sugar, and a bit of butter. And speaking of sour-and-sweet things, there was the sour and sweet gravy she made for boiled or steamed halibut, but we won't go into that. I feel hunger pains.

How thankful I am for the food that so often satisfied those pangs, and for the memory of that food and the blessed hands that prepared it.

There was just nothing quite like Mom's cooking. And there still is not.

The Patchwork Quilt

Elizabeth Cannon McCrimmon

"OH, dear, I'm afraid Grandma is going to give us a patchwork quilt for our wedding!" Vida confided to her Aunt Rose.

To avoid the usual conglomeration of presents, Vida had seen that her friends learned of her selected patterns of silver, china, pottery, and sterling. If guests couldn't afford a spoon, they could send a pottery dish. That shouldn't work a hardship on anybody, Vida had decided.

Already Aunt Rose knew of some insurrection. Uncle George had selected an enormous kitchen clock, shaped like a sunflower, "So Jack can get to work on time." Rose herself had purchased a wall can opener, accompanied by a book *Two Hundred and Fifty-Seven Ways to Prepare Canned Foods*. She distrusted her niece's cooking ability. With all the present-day activities of young people, cooking, somehow, seemed relegated to the background.

"You don't mean to say Mother is giving you the double-wedding-ring quilt? I always knew she favored you, but I didn't think anyone would get that! It's her most cherished possession. The history of the whole family is sewed up in it."

"What do you mean?" Vida asked curiously.

"The wool bats are from Uncle Fred's sheepherd. With all these new synthetic materials, they say that sheep, like horses, are on the way out. But, to my way of thinking, there is nothing like a good wool filling for warmth."

"That delphinium blue it is lined with is a lovely color," Vida admitted.

"Do you know what that is? It's raw silk from China that Maud purchased in Honolulu. She brought it as a present to Mother when she made the trip to Hawaii on the Lurline."

"And Grandma put it in the quilt!"

"The double-wedding-ring is a beautiful idea. Many men nowadays wear a wedding ring on their left hands to indicate that they are married. The pattern was brought into our family by Great-Great-Grandmother Paul when she walked across the plains before the railroad came to Salt Lake. One Scotch plaid piece of cloth actually is from a dress that belonged to her little girl, Annie, who died and was buried by the side of the road."

"Honestly!"

"Yes, and it's the tartan of our ancestors in Scotland."

"What about the Irish side of the house?" By now Vida was regretting her former feeling.

"I guess the bits of green are from the Emerald Isle," Aunt Rose vouchsafed, with a twinkle in her eye.

"We'll appreciate the quilt now, if we are lucky enough to get it," Vida confessed. "You must show us the pieces and tell us their history."

"The most precious things to me," said Aunt Rose, tears coming into her eyes, "are the many hours

nd the tiny stitches Mother put ıto it, to say nothing of the fine o-operative project the ward Relief ociety members made of quilting ."

* * * * * *

The young people were married n a spring-like day in early summer ı the beautiful new Los Angeles emple. After the ceremony, they ed home to a family dinner. This as followed in the evening by a arden reception in the patio of the bride's home, in a tropical setting of hibiscus, bougainvillaea, camellias, and fuchsias. The ushers, in white coats, led guests to the bridal couple, their parents, and attendants. Japanese lanterns lent an exotic atmosphere, while a string orchestra played sweet music.

In the glassed-in lanai, the wedding gifts were displayed. Dominating the scene and spreading its ample folds in the place of honor, was Grandma's patchwork quilt.

This Is My Building

Maud H. Fullmer

AS I enter The Relief Society Building, I am not so conscious of the sturdiness of construction, the beauty of line or the blending of colors, as I am of the spirit of ıe building—the years of prayer, thought, longing, and work for just such a place. Not ıuly do I sense a feeling of awe and reverence, but also a sense of ownership and be-ıonging.

Many times I sit in the lounge and read the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith ınscribed on the plaque:

"You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has stablished, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide, and direct the affairs f the Church in this last dispensation;

"And I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society ıall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth;

"This is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to ejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads" (D.H.C., IV, page 607).

Then it is that I have a song in my heart which repeats over and over again—*his is My Building.*

I like to think that the courage, stamina, hopes, and dreams of the past leaders of elief Society are incorporated in the spirit of the building and that Emma Smith, liza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, and the others who have gone on are pleased and appy with what we are doing. I am sure the work, prayers, aspirations, and dreams f the present valiant leaders are also becoming a part of the spirit of the building.

I picture the women in all parts of the world who may never have an opportunity o see the building, that as they sit around their heating stoves, gather in their meetings ı the cold countries; and the other dear sisters in the hot countries who sit under the hade of the trees during the heat of the day talking about the building, looking at he pictures and listening to the missionaries as they describe the beauties and func-ions of our building, that they, too, may feel that—*This Is My Building.*

And so I dream of the future and vision my daughters, my granddaughters, and reat-granddaughters down through many generations as they work in Relief Society ith unshakeable faith; charity in their hearts and always with the light of hope in heir windows, that they too may hear that same beautiful refrain—*This Is My Building —This Is My Building.*

Mother Had Seven Girls

Jennie Brown Rawlins

AS I switched on my automatic washer the other day I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was that Mother hadn't had a few of the modern conveniences when she was rearing her family of seven girls. Then, in retrospect, I went back to those old washdays, but contrarily, the picture my mind conjured up was not unpleasant. I could see the washer, with the copper bands and wooden tub, which was Mother's pride and joy after years of scrubbing clothes on the board. True, it had had to be turned by hand, but there was always one to turn the washer and one to turn the wringer. We used to sing as we turned, "Swinging, swinging, lulling cares to rest 'neath the old apple tree." (I used to wonder about lulling, and why she cared to rest), or read *Ann of Green Gables*.

Occasionally, Mother, flushed and damp, would emerge from the kitchen carrying pans of steaming clothes or buckets of boiling suds. There were two to hang the sweet-smelling clothes on the long lines, rows of whites, fresh and snowy from being boiled in homemade soap and lye-water, and dozens of gaily colored dresses hung in graduated sizes.

The next day, there was the big fruit-basket filled to overflowing with tightly rolled and dampened pieces. The stove glowed red, the irons were sizzling hot, and the house was filled with the fragrance of freshly ironed clothes, mixed occasionally with the faint scent of scorch, for Mabel usually lingered too long on a ruffle. We used to take turns at the irons, the older ones doing the more difficult pieces. Lois, the youngest, was permitted to iron only the handkerchiefs and pillow slips—much to her annoyance. It was a mark of honor to be allowed to iron one of Father's white shirts, the collar and cuffs cold-starched to cardboard stiffness; and a lace-trimmed flounce ironed silken smooth was a thing to stir one's pride—almost a work of art.

On a brisk Saturday morning what a stir we made—what scrubbing, shining, polishing, sweeping, dusting, and airing. There were two for the upstairs, one for the parlor, one for the kitchen, and one for the screened-in back porch and storeroom. Lois stood on a chair and washed dishes, being very careful with the hand-painted china that mother indulgently permitted her to wash. We rotated, and the one who got the parlor was always considered the lucky one, for she could dust the sea shells, cut glass, and other interesting things that were in the china cupboard.

When we got through, how the old house sparkled and seemed to emanate a warm and friendly hominess. The beds looked fresh and inviting, with their plump straw ticks and smooth snowy cases; the old stove shone like polished ebony; and the upright piano in the parlor (with Mother and Father's wedding picture set at just the right

angle atop it) glowed in all its ornate beauty. Then Father's suit must be pressed until the creases were knife-sharp, and shoes must be shined, and more water heated for baths.

In the evening, as we sat in the cozy kitchen with a fire crackling in the stove, and the warm ruddy glow of the lamps shining upon the faces of those we loved, how the old house seemed to gather us close, as if it were enfolding us tenderly in its arms!

THEN Sunday — that was a day of days. The whitetop buggy groaned with its weight of girls in white lawn or voile or embroidery, and Father's two hundred pounds and Mother's diminutive one-hundred-twenty. The horses trotted briskly along, the ribbons on our straw sailors fluttered in the breeze, and seemed symbolic of our lightly tethered spirits.

After Sunday School the women spread out quilts and placed red-checked cloths upon them, and from well-stocked boxes unloaded roast chicken, potato salad, home-cured ham, spice cake, rhubarb pies, and currant jelly. Then, after all had eaten and the tables were cleared, we older girls gathered under the big poplar tree and talked in low, animated tones, and the women sat on the quilts, tended the younger children, visited, and exchanged recipes.

The horses, their tugs loosened, grazed contentedly, and the men leaned up against the buggies or squatted on the grass (being very careful of their Sunday trousers) and talked man-talk. Father kept them entertained with stories of his amusing experiences, and though the other men chuckled appreciatively and Father's eyes twinkled and his mustache quivered, he never laughed at his own stories. Once in a while the women would stop to listen, and when the laughter got too loud, Mother would draw her brows close together in disapproval, but all she ever said was, "Now, John, remember it is the *Sabbath*."

Promptly at two the afternoon meeting began, after which, filled with a deep, quiet peace, we made our way home. Father sat in the driver's seat and mused contentedly, letting the lines droop, and the horses sauntered sleepily along. Lois drowsed, her head in Mother's lap, Mabel finger-pressed a pleat over a hole in her new voile dress, looking furtively about to see if anyone else had discovered it; and Mother, her hand resting lightly on Lois' bright head, was happy knowing that here was her family about her, all safe and free from harm.

The rolling fields, a deep lush green in the softened light, became to me the rolling waves of some far sea, and the gentle rocking of the whitetop became the rocking of a white-sailed ship. But always and always, instead of it taking me to faraway, glamorous shores, I was returning from those places to bring my treasures home—home, not so much a tall white house set in an apple orchard, as a circle of hands that opened to draw me in.

Yes, we have many wonderful modern inventions, but let's not make the mistake of thinking, even for a moment, that happiness is one of them.

The Bright Star

Chapter 4

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan, who wishes to become an artist, lives with her Aunt Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old-fashioned house overlooking San Francisco Bay. Kathy applies to a neighbor, Phineas Fenton, for employment; however, Aunt Em suffers a partial stroke, and Kathy gives up the promised position. Using her aunt's illness as an excuse, Kathy postpones marriage to Jim Parker. A stranger, Marc Hale, asks to rent the China house, and Aunt Em agrees.

ONCE back in the garden, Kathy found that the exuberance she'd felt earlier had left her. She sat facing the hills, her back against the rough exterior of the China house. She ought to like the new tenant of the China house, she told herself. The money was a life-saver. But she didn't. For one thing he wasn't young enough to interest her. He looked all of thirty-five. And his highhandedness! No, she did not like the tenant of the China house.

As she sat thus brooding, Marta's son, who delivered papers about the countryside, whistled from the road. "Hey, want a paper?" he called. "I've got an extra one today. Mom likes to read the society page." He tossed the paper in Kathy's direction, and was off on his bike again. A daily paper was a luxury the Tracy household could not afford.

Kathy picked it up, and began brushing the loose dirt from it. A small headline at the bottom of the folded paper darted out at her. "Art Contest." She read the item carefully, excitement and interest rising in her. "Art Scholarship. One thousand dollars, or a year in a chosen school," it began.

Excitedly Kathy ran into the kitchen and thrust the paper at Marta. "Hank left it," she cried. She started dancing around Marta in a circle. "I'm going to enter it. I'm going to enter it and win," she sang.

"For goodness sake, sit down," Marta cried, "you're making me dizzy."

Apparently not having paid any attention to what Kathy was saying, Marta spread the paper out on the kitchen table and started reading aloud.

But Kathy wasn't listening. The picture she would send in to the contest was already taking shape in her mind. It would be hauntingly life-like, a ship materializing out of the fog, yet no ghost ship. Sturdy as the freighter Grandfather Tracy had piloted for the Fenton line. How often Kathy and Aunt Em had stood on the cupola at the top of the house watching—listening for Jon Tracy's signal as his ship rounded into the Golden Gate. The signal that meant happy days ahead until the time came for him to sail out again. She'd take the thousand dollars she would win and give Aunt Em a chance to be free from worry.

Then another thought intruded on her mind—a few more months to be free herself—how wonderful that would be—she needn't marry Jim just yet. And suddenly she realized that now that Jim had been

rdained an elder, there was some-hing else that was holding her ack.

Firmly Kathy smothered this hought. No one could be better o me than Jim has been—he's so ependable. We'll be happy to-ether, surely we will, she told her-elf. If only he weren't so stub-orn.

THE Pacific Ocean had long been Kathy's friend. Whenever she as troubled she'd walk down to he China house, sit on its minia-ure veranda, listen to the rush of ie waves, and think things out. he knew the ocean's moods and hat they foretold. At times calm nd blue as a summer sky, other mes sullen and brooding under fog r rain, or rising in angry green aves, the white caps breaking lmost under her feet.

But now the China house was ccupied by this highhanded young an. Kathy needed solitude des-erately. She'd have to begin work n her contest picture immediately. he old-fashioned cupola at the p of the house offered the only aven. She selected materials, und a folding stool, and started ie climb up to the third floor of ie old house. She placed her stool that the afternoon sun would arm her back, settled her easel nd looked out over the wide blue xpanse of the Pacific. Finally her aze came to rest on the China ouse.

Stretched in his deck chair, the ng length of him almost complete-covering the small space of the eranda was Mr. Marc Hale, week-ng tenant of the cabin.

Kathy had decided it was foolish to go on resenting him, since there was nothing to be gained. He had nodded to her on several occasions, and had made a few inquiries as to their source of fresh eggs, vegetables, and butter. This had been her only contact with him. She tried never to think of him.

Often, after having been absent for a few hours she had come home to find his laughter coming from Miss Em's room, her aunt pink-cheeked and almost gay looking. Aunt Em had smiled at Kathy's indignation after he'd gone. "He's good for me," she'd managed to say, almost her first complete sentence since her illness.

Kathy found herself laughing at Marta's version of these visits. "What's-his-name," Marta was no good at remembering names—"the ex-prowler was here. Looking sour as crab apples—till he come out of Miss Em's room, all smiles, he was then." Or, " 'His Happiness' of the China house," as she had finally dubbed him, "paid us a visit today. Got to laughing with Miss Em. Say, I'd like to know what their secret is."

Whatever it was, Kathy had decided, they could keep it, although she was grateful to know that Aunt Em was finding a few moments of pleasure now and then.

She shook her head impatiently. This would never do. She turned her stool away from the view of the China house and started to paint.

She must have been working for hours, too absorbed in what she was doing to notice that it had begun to grow chilly. She felt a shiver go through her, relaxed her hold on

the paintbrush, and looked up just in time to see the fiery red sun begin its plunge into the Pacific.

Gracious, she told herself, I must have been sitting here for ages, and I promised Aunt Em fresh peas from the garden for her supper.

KATHY hurriedly folded her camp stool and started down the steep stairs that led directly to the garden, the picture in hand. Luckily for her, she thought, "His Happiness" had abandoned his post on the veranda. At least she'd be spared the dubious pleasure of his company.

She put her picture down in a safe place and started pulling the plump green pods off the vines. Both hands were full before she realized that she had nothing to put them in. She looked around.

"Here, put them in this," a voice behind her said—a voice so bland and soft she failed to recognize it until she looked into the face of Mr. Marc Hale himself. He was holding out a small, shiny saucepan to her.

"You look as if you'd never seen me before," he stated, grinning.

"I haven't," she blurted out truthfully, and realized for the first time that her imagination had been playing tricks on her. He looked almost boyish and good-natured, with his hair slightly rumpled and a faint brush of sun-tan on his face.

"Hmm," he mused, "I wonder." Then went on, "I saw you working on the cupola. Your aunt tells me you're an artist."

"That's for the future to decide," Kathy murmured. "I do want to enter this contest, the one for the scholarship or the thousand dollars in cash." She so desperately needed someone to talk to she forgot for a moment that this arrogant man was her enemy.

"A contest, is it?" he said, and thrust the pan at her. There was nothing for Kathy to do but take it with a murmured thanks. He reached down, and without so much as a "by your leave," picked up the picture she had been working on and started studying it.

"Not bad—not bad at all," he conceded after a few moments, and Kathy felt her cheeks coloring under this faint praise. "But contests are a disappointment. I understand they're strictly for the professional."

"Maybe not," Kathy retorted sharply. "Anyway, I'm going to try it. It's a way of finding out if I'm any good." A way of making expenses, if I win, she thought.

"Atta girl. I like a person with spunk." He laughed a little, as though ashamed of his confession, and Kathy noticed he was looking at her curiously. He must have suddenly realized he was staring, as he turned hastily back to studying the picture.

"Say," he exclaimed after a moment, "this might go places in a contest at that. You've got a good beginning."

Kathy sparkled. "Oh, you really think I might have a chance?" she asked, and realized all of a sudden that she was thoroughly enjoying this conversation. "Well, I shall certainly try. I'd never get any place just sitting around."

Hale's laugh was short and mirthless. "Yes, I suppose you're right. I must say, however, that you've

chosen a hard role. Artists and writers are a dime a dozen. Better forget contests and get married. Don't tell me that fellow with the scrubbed look about him comes to see auntie."

Kathy was angry again. She clutched the pan of peas in one hand, and with the other gingerly accepted the picture Marc handed her, and started up through the berry patch, the red-gold of her hair flashing in the last rays of the sun. At least, she thought, "that fellow with the scrubbed look" has something you don't have, Mr. Marc Hale, as she thought of him now being an elder.

Her anger had softened a little by the time she reached the house. I wonder what church he does belong to? she asked herself. Since Aunt Em's illness, Kathy hadn't been able to get to church as often as she liked. She missed the peaceful, secure feeling she got from attending services in the little ward chapel in San Rafael, the warmth of her many friends.

(To be continued)

Martha H. McKaig Composes Lyrics and Music for Children's Songs

ALTHOUGH she is nearly ninety-one years of age, Martha Hardy McKaig of Oakland, California, enjoys many varied activities and hobbies. Besides writing the lyrics for children's songs, she also composes the score for the songs. Sister McKaig is a fine quilter and homemaker and still bakes excellent bread. She is active in the Church auxiliaries.

Mrs. McKaig was born in Salt Lake City and graduated from the University of Utah in the class of 1886. She is the mother of four children, grandmother to five, and great-grandmother to ten.

She has seen the branch Relief Society in Oakland grow into three stakes with more than forty Relief Society organizations. She has devoted many years to Relief Society compassionate services.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

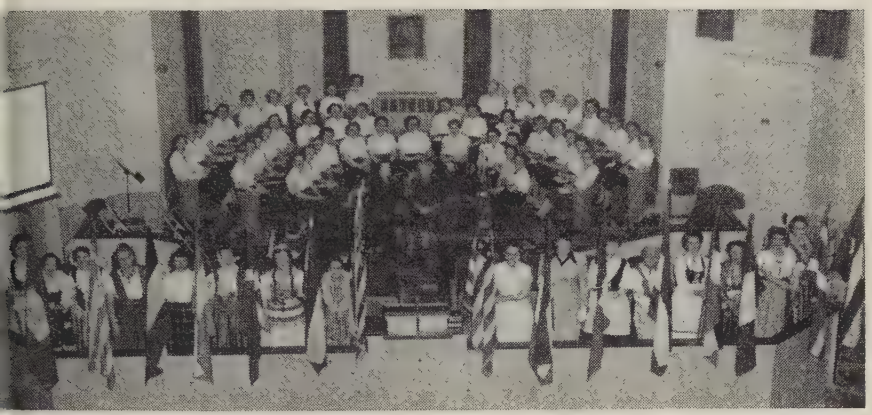
RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Hope Beus

RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO), ROBERTS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS ANNUAL BAZAAR AND DANCE

Left to right: Catherine Paulsen; Ardis Fullmer, President, Roberts Ward Relief Society; Ann Surerus, First Counselor; June Duke, Secretary-Treasurer; Jessie Lake, Second Counselor; Nona Braegger, work meeting leader; Shirlee Holm; Inez Zollinger; Dorothy Wells; Thelma Dutson.

Hope Beus, President, Rigby Stake Relief Society, reports: "A large variety of articles was displayed on tables representing a train engine and cars" at the annual bazaar.



Photograph submitted by Rhoda Thorpe

HYRUM STAKE (UTAH), EIGHT WARD RELIEF SOCIETIES JOIN TO PRESENT MARCH SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM

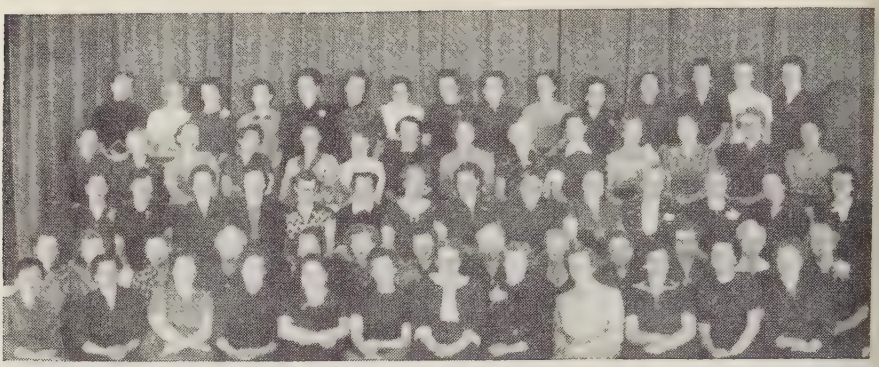
Rhoda Thorpe, President, Hyrum Stake Relief Society, reports: "Eight wards of Hyrum Stake Relief Society joined together to present the March Sunday night meeting, 'Portrait of a Dream' under direction of the stake board. Music directors were Matilda Miller, chorister, and Alta Petersen, organist, who are both seated in front of The Singing Mothers chorus."

Photograph submitted by Marie J. Monson

BUTTE STAKE (MONTANA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 24, 1957

Verla Boetticher, chorister, stands in front of the piano; Lucile Rossiter, organist, is seated at the piano; Viola Shuman; First Counselor, Butte Stake Relief Society, stands eighth from right on first row; Marie J. Monson, President, is second from left on second row; Helen Smith, Secretary-Treasurer, is third from left on back row.

Sister Monson reports: "There were seventy-two women who participated. These women traveled from as far as 115 miles away. They practiced in their own wards and branches, having only one combined practice Sunday morning before the session of conference."



Photograph submitted by Ida H. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY SEVENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR FIVE YEARS

Sister Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society, reports that the visiting teachers of the Murray Seventh Ward have achieved one hundred per cent in their visiting teaching since the ward was organized five years ago.

In the picture, beginning sixth from left in front row are: Marjorie H. Newman, First Counselor; Ina H. Day, President; Nola S. Winget, Second Counselor; Lovella J. Green, Secretary-Treasurer, of the Murray Seventh Ward.

Photograph submitted by Olive C. Phillips

FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 24, 1957

Leida Anderson, chorister, is standing second from right, on the third row; Mary Thompson, organist, is third from right, third row; Olive C. Phillips, President, Fresno Stake Relief Society, is at far right on third row.

Sister Phillips reports: "This is the first time the Singing Mothers of this stake have sung for quarterly conference and, although they live in widely scattered localities, and their practicing together was limited to one session, their singing was beautiful."

Photograph submitted by LaVora S. Wood

NORTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

LaVora S. Wood, President, North Davis Stake Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers recently furnished the music for stake conference. Carol Steed is chorister, and Mary Christiansen is organist.

Photograph submitted by Pauline Stevens

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), COWLEY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS COUNTRY STORE AND BAZAAR

Left to right: Louise Taggart, Cody, Wyoming; C. Golden Welch, Cowley; Helena Belnap, former President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society; Cleone Crosby, Secretary, Cowley Ward Relief Society.

Pauline Stevens, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society, reports that "This country store and bazaar is an annual affair where old as well as new articles are sold. An old fashioned lunch is also sold." Sister Stevens writes that the organ in the picture was the first organ in the Cowley Ward and the round table is seventy-five years old.

Photograph submitted by Lucille S. Condie

HILLSIDE STAKE (UTAH), COLONIAL HILLS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS BIRTHDAY PARTY

Left to right: Alta Brown, organist; Irene Platt, chorister; Ann Borg, social science leader; Ida C. Bowers, Second Counselor; Lena Glauser, visiting teacher supervisor; Agnes R. MacKay, President, Colonial Hills Ward Relief Society; Elder LeGrand Richards; Sister Richards; Governor George D. Clyde; Sister Clyde; Helen Hedquist, First Counselor, Hillside Stake Relief Society; Ruby S. Ockey, Secretary; Ruth Schoenhals, literature leader; Harold M. Wright of the Hillside Stake Presidency; Genevieve Wright, theology leader; Marian Johnson, work meeting leader; Joy Slack, visiting teacher message leader; Ray C. Johnson, Bishop, Colonial Hills Ward.

Lucille S. Condie, President, Hillside Stake Relief Society, reports: "The birthday party was given in honor of Sister Glauser, who has been the visiting teaching supervisor since the ward was organized. Elder LeGrand Richards was guest speaker." The party was held March 15, 1957.

Photograph submitted by Bertha Burch

MINIDOKA STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT March 1957

Bertha Burch, President, Minidoka Stake Relief Society, reports that the pageant, "Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon," was presented with great success

nder the direction of Jean Hansen, stake theology leader, assisted by Sister Burch; essie Dixon, First Counselor; Thelma Attridge, Second Counselor and Maybell Stevenon, Secretary-Treasurer.

Main characters in costume, left to right beginning fifth from right are: Alene Summers representing a Lamanite sister; Cathleen Keolanui, of Hawaiian descent; Leah Heiner, a Jewish descendant; Marjorie Crofts, theology class leader; Lester Tracy representing King Benjamin. Back row, Earl Corless representing Nephi, son of Lehi; Ferrell Catmull representing Mormon; Calvin Heiner representing Moroni.

Organ music was furnished by Lapriel Stoddard, stake organist, standing left of organ. The Singing Mothers chorus was directed by Thelma Widmier, stake chorister, standing second from left on front row of chorus.

Photograph submitted by Mary P. Christensen

GREAT LAKES MISSION, YOUNGSTOWN (OHIO) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS ANNUAL CONFERENCE

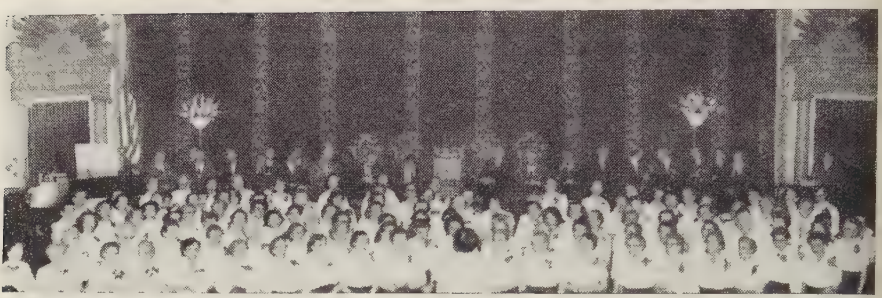
Front row, seated, left to right: Hazel Carman, Work Director Counselor; LaRue Barnett, President, Youngstown Relief Society; Mildred Martin, Secretary-Treasurer; Robert C. Martin, Branch President.

Second row: Vernell Markusic; Helen Schmidt; LaWanna Robison; Barbara Cummings; Estella Eshbaugh.

Back row: Emma Dear; Agnes Ohl; Goldie Flesch; Charlotte Beeler; Lelah Geist; Olivia Lundstrum; Nola Mallery. Not present when the picture was taken: Lena Robison, Educational Counselor; Lois Samsa; Leota Hurley; Betty Nemenz.

Sister Barnett reports: "Our activities have been numerous and joyous. We have our goal set for a lovely chapel here in Youngstown, and are earnestly working along with the Priesthood toward that goal."

Sister Mary P. Christensen is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Annabell W. Hart

OAKLAND-BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PROVIDE MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 1957

Annabell W. Hart, President, Oakland-Berkeley Stake Relief Society, is ninth from left in front row; LaVern W. Rock, Counselor, is seventh from left in the front row; Phyllis Warnick, Counselor, is at far right on front row. Emma C. Harmon, chorister, is on the podium and Elnora Jensen, organist, is at the piano.

Sister Hart reports that the chorus sang during the morning session and that there are 120 women in the chorus.

Photograph submitted by Ruby M. Dobbins

PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), REDWOOD CITY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY DRAMATIZES ITS HISTORY

Ruby M. Dobbins, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, writes: "Re-enacting the history are six former presidents and four officers of the Redwood City Ward Relief Society." Left to right, standing: Della Rose; Naomi Bodily, who represented Mrs. Redwood City Ward Relief Society; Thelma Howard; Melba Stevens; Geneva Coy; and Eileen Weaver, all former presidents. Margaret Grubb, narrator for the program and President, Redwood City Ward Relief Society, stands at far right. Seated are Ida Knight; former President Theda Farnsworth; and Ruby Cannon.

The program told the story of the life of the society from its organization in 1939 to the present time. The eleven presidents of the ward Relief Society were represented in person or by others and "life" memories of activities were presented.

Photograph submitted by Avez M. Goodman

TUCSON STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ORGANIZED

Avez M. Goodman, President, Tucson Stake Relief Society, reports: "We were made a new stake December 2, 1956, and the members of the stake Relief Society presidency were sustained that day, but we did not start our work until January 1957. . . . We have a very excellent board who all are so enthusiastic in their work that I feel we can accomplish a great deal."

Front row left to right, the stake board includes: Lola Killpack, visiting teacher message leader; Virginia Swanson, organist; Rose Clifford, Second Counselor; Avez Goodman, President; Nina Brewer, First Counselor; Zina Skaggs, social science leader.

Back row: Veda Blain, work meeting leader; Ethel Clawson, theology leader; Joan Cornia, Secretary-Treasurer; Belva Jones, *Magazine* representative; Jean Dees, chorister; Louise Call, literature leader.

The Berry-Pickers

Maryhale Woolsey

Today's strawberries in the market-place
Reminded me of summers long ago;
Those berry-picking hours. . . . We used to race
Each other down the patch, and proudly show
Cups grown to crates, crates tallied up for pay;
This our one aim, day after sunlit day.

Now I remember long rows, glossy green
And sparked with luscious fruit, bright ruby-red;
Now recall sun-warmed fragrance, and the scene
Of summer loveliness around us spread.
Now I remember beauty our young eyes spurned,
Seeing only the pennies our filled baskets earned.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Teaching Aids for the 1957-58 Lessons

Mary R. Young

Member, General Board of Relief Society

AUDIO-visual aids can help promote good teaching when used properly and effectively. A class leader should understand that visual aids are a means toward achieving her major purpose—good teaching.

Teaching aids are not new to us today. They were used in the time of Moses, some 3,000 years ago, when the Ten Commandments were written on tablets of stone by the finger of God (Exodus 31:18). Christ, the Master Teacher, showed us the value of appealing to the eye as well as to the ear. As class leaders in Relief Society, we are privileged to walk modestly and reverently in the footsteps of the Master Teacher.

To see as well as hear helps to stimulate interest and focus attention. It aids in remembering, and clarifies and enriches the lesson. Teaching becomes increasingly effective when we understand and know our class members and use aids that have been carefully selected as suitable for Relief Society.

Theology

We suggest that in the study of The Doctrine and Covenants that the course objective be written on the blackboard or printed on a chart so it may be referred to frequently during the course of study. We also could list on the blackboard or print on butcher or poster paper, the points we wish to stress throughout the course, such as:

1. Reading of The Doctrine and Covenants.
2. Application of the teachings in the lives of women.
3. Teaching of the doctrines in the home.

Well-chosen pictures definitely increase understanding and interest and can be used to good advantage if they forward the objective. The use of one or two good mounted pictures is better than using a number of small ones that are difficult to be seen by the entire group.

Visiting Teacher Messages

The blackboard may be used to good advantage and should be read-

ly available. Let your chalk talk, too.

When the visiting teachers can read the scriptural reference and the objective from the blackboard or from a printed chart, it definitely focuses attention and aids them in remembering the message.

Points to stress in the message might also be listed.

Literature

Pictures which may be used again this year include Shakespeare, the Globe Theater, and London in Shakespeare's Day.

A blackboard may be used to good advantage in pointing out contrasts in some of the plays. List the main characters, or make a listing of them according to their good and evil characteristics, using different colored chalk.

Blackboard or chart presentation of the three plot threads might be used for plot clarification in Lesson Eleven, "Twelfth Night." The love interest might form two triangles centering in Olivia, the second triangle would include Maria and Sir Toby who were its instigators.

Character growth of King Lear might be charted in Lesson Fourteen.

Make blackboard patterns of primary and secondary plots in contrasting colors of chalk.

Recordings of applicable music may be stimulating.

Social Science

Pictures and charts will add interest and make the lessons more forceful in this year's course of study, "Latter-day Saint Family Life." We must be sure that the pictures and aids have a direct relationship to the lesson subject matter, however, and will forward the lesson objective.

In Lesson Nine we may use blackboard or charts giving interesting statistics, use Church posters, or pictures of family groups, or list values and dangers of television programs and comic books.

In Lesson Twelve, pictures of the temples may be shown, and a listing of the eternal blessings of temple marriage may be made.

For Lesson Fourteen, a picture representing "The Good Samaritan" may be shown.

Music

Leaders will find their lessons will be more effective by the use of good visual aids.

Flash cards of music symbols, of scales in a few different keys, and of Italian words and their meaning used for tempos like andante, largo, etc., may be used as aids. Material in the text, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall, will aid in teaching.

Magazine Representatives

Magazine representatives can make use of attractive posters, charts, graphs, and bulletin boards effectively to stimulate interest in their work. There is an excellent article and chart on successful selling by Thomas S. Monson in *The Relief Society Magazine*, April 1957, "Selling *The Relief Society Magazine*."

The lesson previews appear far enough in advance of the time the lessons will be taught to acquaint

class leaders with the year's course of study, so that they may be alert to collect pictures, articles, and various aids which will enrich their lessons.

The following articles on visual aids have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

"The Value and Use of Audio-Visual Aids in Relief Society," by Leone G. Layton, January 1953, page 27.

"Suggestions on Teaching Aids for 1953-54 Lessons," by Leone G. Layton, June 1953, page 418.

"Teaching Aids for 1954-55 Lessons," by Edith S. Elliott, June 1954, page 400.

"Teaching and Teaching Aids for the 1955-56 Lessons," by Mildred B. Eyring, June 1955, page 403.

"Audio-Visual Aids for 1956-57," by Mildred B. Eyring, July 1956, page 475.

Note: The following sets of pictures are available at the Deseret Bookstore, 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah. For social science:

Set of twelve black and white pictures of the temples, 60c.

Set of twelve colored pictures of the temples, 80c.

Set of seven pictures pertaining to the theology lessons, which include the following: The Prophet Joseph Smith, Angel Moroni Appearing to Joseph Smith, The Susquehanna River, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, David Whitmer, and the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, (six colored, one black and white) 50c plus 5c postage.

One picture of the Good Samaritan, 10c.

Suggestions for Music Leaders

Florence J. Madsen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE following article is presented, along with the previews of lesson courses and helps in audio-visual aids, in the hope that it will be helpful to stake music leaders in conducting their union meeting departments during the coming educational year.

In order to make the music department of union meetings profitable for all concerned, sufficient material on the techniques of music should be presented and considered. This may mean that at times the very rudiments of music may have to be discussed for the benefit of those who are new in their positions and who have had but little contact with the subject. Encouragement and help should be given these inexperienced leaders who feel their inadequacy because of limited knowledge of music.

The subject of music, like all other subjects, is learned through constant study and perseverance. It seems a bit difficult for some conductors to learn to conduct music with definite baton patterns; therefore, time should be given in the departmental sessions at union meeting for the conductors and the accompanists to learn and practice the needed baton techniques together.

Place on the blackboard a large picture or drawing of the baton pattern that is to be learned. This helps to fix the design in the minds of those who are conducting and safeguards those who might stray from it. While counting the rhythm

loud, have the group take their atons and reproduce the pattern iat is on the blackboard, at first, ithout any music. After the patrn is sufficiently learned, practice ymns and songs of different styles id tempos that require the same aton pattern, this time with the nusic, and including a few retards. ractice songs starting on both the p beat and the down beat—with ie beat preceding each one. To ntroduce the baton patterns in this ay will give the conductors a feelng of assurance and result in a right nd artistic performance.

In teaching baton techniques, owever, do not move too rapidly om one pattern to another, as this ften causes confusion and uncertainty in the minds of those learning to conduct. Change the songs, but retain the same rhythm so that the baton pattern can be used until it is thoroughly learned.

Other techniques might be introduced similarly, for instance: some of the music symbols and signs found in *Elson's Music Dictionary* under the title "Signs." Keys and scales should likewise receive attention, as should also note values and their corresponding rests. In other words, our aim should be to understand all the symbols that we encounter in the pages of the music we conduct, play, or sing. This would eliminate the guessing as to what is meant and replace it with knowing what is wanted.

Note: Study the textbook *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall; ie lesson series "Fundamentals of Musicianship"—Appreciation, Conducting, Singing id Accompanying, *The Relief Society Magazine*, 1951-52; "Prelude Music," *The elief Society Magazine*, April 1954, page 243.

BOOKS FOR ORGANISTS AND PIANISTS

This list provides suggestions for different types of music books from which books nay be selected as desired.

A. Reed Organ Books:
- *Organ Voluntaries*, volumes I and II, Schreiner and J. Fischer $2.50
- *Thirty-Eight Voluntaries for Reed Organ*, Jackson & G. Schirmer 1.00
- *Thirty-Eight Voluntaries for Reed Organ*, J. Fischer
  - volume I 1.00
  - volume II 1.50
- *Reed Organ Player*, Walter Lewis and T. Presser ..... .90
- *Forty-Three Organ Voluntaries*, Lorenz ..... .85
- *Gems for the Organ*, Shelley and G. Schirmer 1.75
- *Harker's Harmonium Collection*, G. Schirmer 1.00
- *Ninety-Three Short Pieces for the Hammond Organ or Piano*, Jackson and G. Schirmer (written in two staves) 2.25

B. Sacred Piano Music:
- *Sabbath Day Music for the Piano*, O. Ditson 1.00
- *Church and Chapel Voluntaries*, Dreisbach and G. Schirmer 2.00
- *Chapel Musings*, Perry and Presser ..... .75

C. Pipe Organ Books:
- *Devotional Organ Music*, Asper and Carl Fischer (also for electronic organ) 2.50
- *Organ Voluntaries*, volumes I and II, Schreiner and J. Fischer 2.00

Church Music for the Smallest Organ, Nevin and J. Fischer 1.00
Organ Melodies, Landon and Presser 1.50
Ecclesiae Organum, William C. Carl and John Church 2.50
Organ Musings, Presser 1.50
Chancel Echoes, William M. Felton and Presser 1.00
Organ Vistas, Presser 1.50
Twenty-Five Pieces for the Small Pipe Organ, Schreiner and J. Fischer 2.50

The books listed above are recommended by the Church Music Committee.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR ORGANISTS AND PIANISTS

Perry's Piano Voluntaries, Lorenz 1.25
Church Service Selections for Organ or Piano, No. 2, Rodeheaver 1.25
Chapel Voluntaries for Organ or Piano, Edward B. Marks ..... .75
Chapel Voluntaries for Organ, Harmonium, or Piano, Edward B. Marks (from books I to X, inclusive) (2 staves) ..... .75
Thirty-Two Short Pieces for Hammond or Pipe Organ, G. Schirmer (Arranged by Charles Boyd) 1.50
The Sacred Hour at the Organ, Arno, Carl Fischer 2.00
Sunday Piano Music (For Church and Home), Presser 1.00
Piano Voluntaries, Presser 1.00
Sacred Piano Album for Home and Church, Carl Fischer 1.00
Twenty Preludes and Postludes for Pipe Organ, Truette, Schmidt 1.00
The Liturgical Organist for Pipe or Reed Organ or Piano, J. Fischer and Brothers (two staves) (1-6) 3.50
Belwin Organ Album, Belwin Music Company (volumes I, II, and III) 1.50
Classic and Modern Gems for Organ or Piano, Presser 1.25
Instrumental Church Service Selections (for Organ or Piano) Rodeheaver Co. 1.25
Church and Chapel Voluntaries for Piano, G. Schirmer 2.00
School of Organ Playing (op. 31) edited by Shippen Barnes 2.50

If your local dealer is unable to supply the above books, they may be ordered from the following stores:

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Mathematics

Mabel Jones Gabbott

When I was proudly sweet sixteen,
I thought that middle age
Was old as ancient history
And dull on every page.

Now I am twice sixteen and more,
I wisely hold my tongue;
The years have brought me such rich store,
What waits at sixty-young?

Theology— The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1957-58

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE course of study beginning this year and continuing for veral years is a section-by-section chronological study of The Doc-ne and Covenants. The Doctrine d Covenants is the textbook. This ndard work of the Church holds unique place among the books of ripture in this Church. It is a odern book revealing eternal truths r the people of this generation. these truths are followed, they ll lead the saints to the highest essing of which we know that the rd bestows upon his children—ernal life or exaltation. It con-ins the message the Lord would ve this generation understand at repentance may take hold of e hearts of people throughout the rld that they, too, may receive e greater blessings in store for the edient.

The Doctrine and Covenants be-ns with the revelations which ought The Church of Jesus Christ Latter-day Saints into existence d carries into the period of the hurch's infancy up to and includ-g a section on the martyrdom of e Prophet Joseph Smith and his other Hyrum. Section 136 is a velation given to Brigham Young January 14, 1847.

To us living in the year 1957, the rd has provided in his book of velations: (1) the counsel of our ll-wise Father whose object is to ing joy into the lives of his chil-en today by their following in-ructions given to individuals, groups of persons, and the Church over a century ago; (2) a knowledge of how to live in this present world of uncertainty and insecurity; (3) the meaning of world conditions and events; (4) a philosophy of life that enables one to see God's justice and purposes for mankind; (5) a spirit of conversion to the truth-seeker which bears witness that Jesus is the Christ and of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The Doctrine and Covenants breathes the spirit of truth with the divine promise:

> And if your eye be single to my glory, your whole bodies shall be filled with light, and there shall be no darkness in you; and that body which is filled with light comprehendeth all things.
>
> Therefore, sanctify yourselves that your minds become single to God, and the days will come that you shall see him; for he will unveil his face unto you, and it shall be in his own time, and in his own way, and according to his own will (D. & C. 88:67-68).

It is believed that the greatest good will result to class leaders and the women of the Church if the lesson discussions are based on the material given in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Inasmuch as The Doctrine and Covenants is to be studied section-by-section or chronologically, with few exceptions, the class leader will find most value in using as reference books, the following: *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* (Revised) and *Documentary His-*

tory of the Church, also known as the *History of the Church* by Joseph Smith, especially Volume 1.

The purpose of this course of study may be stated as follows:

> To reaffirm that Jesus Christ is the Savior and that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God, through a knowledge of the contents of The Doctrine and Covenants; and to re-establish the application of its teachings to the lives of the women of the Church, that they may realize the eternal importance of setting themselves and their houses in order.

It is hoped that during the period covered by this course of study every member of the Relief Society will have read and studied the entire book of The Doctrine and Covenants.

The first two lessons for 1957-58 are intended to give some background material on The Doctrine and Covenants. A study of the Lord's purpose in giving revelation in our day is considered in Lesson 3 which takes up the study of Section 1 which is one of the few sections in the book that is out of chronological order. The remaining five lessons of this course discuss items in connection with the preparation of the Prophet and others in the re-establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth. In so many of the revelations given during this pre-Church organization period one finds great truths that apply to the lives of us who live more than a century after their being received.

This year class leaders will become initiated into some of the ways in which this course will be studied. One important part of this procedure begins with Lesson 5, based upon Sections 3 and 10. You will discover that the objective of this lesson does not include some important ideas found in these revelations. In order that these points might not go unobserved, they are set forth under the heading of "Additional Items" with section numbers as sub-headings. Entire sections will be discussed briefly under this general heading. This procedure will be followed to take care of some sections which do not always lend themselves to an objective common with other revelations.

For the first year Sections 1 to 13, and 17, excluding 7 and 11, are to be studied. The lessons for this year have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 1—*The Lord Speaks Through His Prophets*

> Objective: To recognize that by revelation the Lord has led his people in the past, and that by a reopening of the heavens he has restored the gospel and re-established his Church upon the earth in fulfillment of Bible prophecies.

Lesson 2—*Origin of The Doctrine and Covenants* (Explanatory Introduction of The Doctrine and Covenants and Chronological Order of Contents; 67:1-7)

> Objective: To learn of the events which brought forth The Doctrine and Covenants.

Lesson 3—*What to Expect From a Study of The Doctrine and Covenants* (D. & C. Section 1)

> Objective: To show that a principal idea throughout the revelations is to warn the world of judgments to

come and that the means of escape is by the restored gospel of Jesus Christ.

Lesson 4—*The Prophecy Concerning Elijah the Prophet* (D. & C. Section 2)

Objective: To show the value of the prophet Elijah's predicted visit to the earth in our dispensation.

Lesson 5—*Satan's Opposition to the Coming Forth of The Book of Mormon* (D. & C. Sections 3 and 10)

Objective: "Remember, remember that it is not the work of God that is frustrated, but the work of men" (D. & C. 3:3).

Lesson 6—*Qualifications of Those Who Labor in the Ministry* (D. & C. Sections 4 and 12)

Objective: To show the importance of service and the qualities necessary in the lives of those who are called into the Lord's work.

Lesson 7—*The Three Special Book of Mormon Witnesses* (D. & C. Sections 6, 8, 9, 5, and 17)

Objective: To emphasize the importance of the testimonies of the men who assisted Joseph Smith at the time of the coming forth of The Book of Mormon.

Lesson 8—*The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood* (D. & C. Section 13)

Objective: To point out the importance of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1957-58

Christine H. Robinson

OUR Father in heaven is ever mindful of us his children. In order to make sure that we have the opportunity for happiness in this life and eternal joy in the life to come, he has again, in these latter days, given us revelations for our direction and guidance. These revelations, as compiled in The Doctrine and Covenants, apply to our particular times and conditions and have special value for us today.

The Visiting Teacher Messages for 1957-58, "Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants," are taken from those sections of this inspired book which will be studied in the theology course of study.

The material used as a basis of these messages has been written from a practical point of view. Each message is illustrated with a pertinent example which can easily be applied to the lives of the sisters.

One definition of a message is "a divinely inspired communication sent from one person to another." The messages taken from The Doctrine and Covenants are directly

from our Savior Jesus Christ. If we study them and put their truths into practice in our lives, we will enlarge our understanding of God's teachings, we will improve the spirituality in our homes, increase our faith in the Lord, and lay the foundation for a happier, more useful life.

The messages and their objectives for 1957-58 are:

Message 1—"And the Voice of Warning Shall Be Unto All People, By the Mouths of My Disciples, Whom I Have Chosen in These Last Days" (D. & C. 1:4).

> Objective: To show that the Lord reveals his plan of salvation through his chosen leaders and that only when we heed their warnings can we build strong, useful lives.

Message 2—"And Inasmuch As They Were Humble They Might Be Made Strong, and Blessed From on High . . ." (D. & C. 1:28).

> Objective: To point out the meaning of true humility, the need for it in our lives, and to show that the Lord blesses and makes strong those who possess it.

Message 3—". . . O Ye That Embark in the Service of God, See That Ye Serve Him With All Your Heart, Mind and Strength, That Ye May Stand Blameless Before God at the Last Day" (D. & C. 4:2).

> Objective: To emphasize the importance of wholehearted, conscientious service and to show that to serve God means to serve our fellow men.

Message 4—"Remember That Without Faith You Can Do Nothing; Therefore Ask in Faith . . . Do Not Ask for That Which You Ought Not" (D. & C. 8:10).

> Objective: To show that all things are possible to him who has absolute faith, and who exercises it wisely.

Message 5—". . . Behold, You Should Not Have Feared Man More Than God . . ." (D. & C. 3:7).

> Objective: To show that to fear God means to love him and to keep his commandments and that in so doing we earn the respect of all good people.

Message 6—"Fear Not to Do Good, My Sons, for Whatsoever Ye Sow, That Shall Ye Also Reap; Therefore, If Ye Sow Good Ye Shall Also Reap Good for Your Reward" (D. & C. 6:33).

> Objective: To emphasize the fact that everything we do, our every word or deed has its effect for good or evil, and we shall be blessed through our good acts.

Message 7—"Look Unto Me in Every Thought; Doubt Not, Fear Not" (D. & C. 6:36).

> Objective: To emphasize the fact that when we place our complete trust in the Lord we gain strength and peace of mind.

Message 8—" . . . Be Faithful and Diligent in Keeping the Commandments of God, and I Will Encircle Thee in the Arms of My Love" (D. & C. 6:20).

> Objective: To show that the only way to earn and share God's love is through keeping his commandments.

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

Preview of Lessons for 1957-58

Elder William F. Edwards

THE purpose of this series of lessons, "Living More Abundantly," is to help each family live more abundantly. The Prophet Lehi understood so well the real meaning of life when he stated, . . . "men are, that they might have joy." Every person should be challenged to reach that high ideal to the greatest possible degree. We should strive to have a well-managed home where the wise spending of money will bring a more abundant life.

We must desire the more abundant life so strongly that we will change our present way of doing things, and change our ways when we find they are not the best. As has been so wisely stated, "We can't make footprints on the sands of time sitting down." Equally, we cannot improve the way of our daily living without dreaming and then working to make those dreams come true. And what could be more thrilling.

The questions do not appear at the end of the lessons, but will be embodied in the lessons.

Titles for the 1957-58 course of lessons are as follows:

Lesson 1. Spending Money Wisely
Lesson 2. Increasing Our Standard of Living
Lesson 3. Living Economically
Lesson 4. Making Money More Valuable
Lesson 5. The Family and the Home
Lesson 6. The Importance of Insurance
Lesson 7. Debts and Trouble
Lesson 8. Savings and Added Happiness

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Preview of Lessons for 1957-58

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

WHETHER you come to Shakespeare new or renewed, this study course should yield abundant challenge and reward. Class leaders who have already enjoyed the first year of "Shakespeare in Our Lives" are eagerly anticipating a second year.

Many class leaders believe with us that everyone learns most aptly and memorably from one who is a friend. Shakespeare *is* a friend and will continue to prove himself so, both in the study course immediately ahead and in decades to come. And just as all good things ceaselessly must be sought, just as necessarily must they be earned—and shared. Prepare to share insight into greatness now.

Our primary goal is to help others know Shakespeare well enough that they may come to know themselves more deeply and truly, both individually and in the sustaining groups which comprise our way of life. Three subsidiary goals, but nonetheless vital and compelling, are:

(1) To witness with wonder and humility the workings of genius as Shakespeare organizes reality into communicating words and dramatic art forms;

(2) To realize more intently within ourselves the timelessness of beauty and immortal truth;

(3) To frame Shakespeare's name with the emotions of gratitude and love, inasmuch as he has for all time put great words in our mouths, pure poetry in our ears, and living characters embodying wisdom and insight into our hearts and heads.

Our study this year should give us a concept of tragedy as it deals with universal moral issues and is concerned with great problems or weaknesses which mankind faces at one time or another.

As last year, the text is G. B. Harrison's edition of *Shakespeare's Major Plays and the Sonnets*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1948. It is recommended that each class leader have this text, which contains footnotes at the bottom of each page and is competently edited.

Lesson titles and objectives for 1957-58 follow:

Lesson 9—*William Shakespeare, Dramatist*

Objective: To become more aware of Shakespeare's genius in integrating within the art-form of drama the great truths and eternal conflicts within all mankind.

Lesson 10—*Othello, The Moor of Venice* (Text, pp. 700-743)

Objective: To review and consider pride, jealousy, and passion as tools of self-destruction, through re-experiencing this artistic record of life's truths.

Lesson 11—*Twelfth Night, or What You Will* (Text, pp. 565-599)

Objective: To show that even though exaggerated through comedy situations, Shakespeare's characters reveal to us traits common to all humanity.

Lesson 12—*The Hamlet Frame* (Text, pp. 600-654)

Objective: To appreciate Shakespeare's most provocative drama that we may find new meaning for our own lives and deeper or more adequate expression to our thoughts.

Lesson 13—*Hamlet, Prisoner in Denmark* (Text, pp. 600-654)

Objective: To seek to understand Hamlet's mind and heart, that we may better understand our own.

Lesson 14—*King Lear* (Text, pp. 780-827)

Objective: To rise above life's tangible trivia and conceits and feel about us the sustaining bonds of universal family love.

Lesson 15—*Macbeth, Villain or Hero?* (Text, pp. 828-862)

Objective: To realize the ruin which comes to one who, possessed of basic virtues, yields to the powers of evil.

Lesson 16—*The Tempest* (Text, pp. 1001-1031)

Objective: To recognize that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare shares with us a serene view of life; and to perceive that contentment and happiness are dependent upon self-mastery and reconciliation with our fellow men.

Social Science — Latter-day Saint Family Life

Preview of Lessons for 1957-58

Elder John Farr Larson

What is a home in the sight of God? . . . I define home as being a divinely appointed institution in which a servant and handmaiden of the Lord prepare themselves in righteousness to receive chosen spirits coming from our Eternal Father, and give them bodies in the flesh for mortal probation, and then undertake with all the power at their command to lead these spirit children entrusted to their care back into the presence of God whence they came (President Stephen L Richards, Address at Sunday School General Conference, October 7, 1956).

A year's study of the Prophet Joseph Smith's teachings and contributions to the women of the Church has given an appropriate foundation for further consideration of the Latter-day Saint family and its role of returning its members to the presence of God. Having learned of the personal characteristics encouraged, taught, and exemplified by the Prophet, as well as the unique relationship of women in the Priesthood, as clarified by him, we are now ready to consider the family in its twentieth century setting. Perfection, as taught by the Prophet and his inspired successors, will be our goal.

In the social science lessons for this year, an effort has been made to discuss the basic human needs which must be met by the home and family, if healthy personalities are to result. We shall view the family through the eyes of its members at various age levels, and we shall note the contributions of these age groups to the family development and happiness. The characteristics of the Latter-day Saint home will be studied. Our relationship to one another in the family, and to our neighbors, the responsibilities of these relationships as well as their eternal consequences will be our concern.

Latter-day Saint families are not without problems, but these problems can be met and solved better when seen in proper perspective and when the solutions applied are based on Church teachings. "Love at Home" will have a new meaning as we study its power to weld family members together with happiness.

One of the greatest needs in the world today is for parents who are willing and who make themselves able to assume fully their responsibilities and their role in the family. If the Latter-day Saint family is to maintain its rightful place in the social structure of today and to take its place in the eternal scheme of our Heavenly Father, we must set our households in order by putting first things first; we must treat family members as children of God, which they are, and help each of them to grow in faith toward perfection; we must use love wisely and make living happy and purposeful; and we must make the Lord's way our way of life. Only then can we live in happiness as families, in peace with our neighbors, and in partnership with God.

. . . Moses, herding his father-in-law's sheep at Mount Horeb, saw one day a flaming bush, and the flame did not consume. Being curious, he started to walk toward this flaming bush, and the voice of the Lord came out of the bush forbidding him to come farther, for, said the Lord, ". . . the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Ex. 3:5). So I think that in every Latter-day Saint home the Spirit of the Lord is a flaming, non-consuming fire, there to light our way, to guide us, to protect us, and to help us do our duty, and every inch of space in the home is holy ground. We should never forget it. Always remember, and always live so that we shall not defile in any way the holiness of the home which should be ours (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., General Conference, October 1951).

The lesson titles and objectives for 1957-58, the second year of the social science course, "Latter-day Saint Family Life," are as follows:

Lesson 8—*The Family Is Forever*

Objective: To show the influence of gospel principles on the Latter-day Saint family.

Lesson 9—*Families Have Problems*

Objective: To illustrate the nature and extent of problems which face families of today.

Lesson 10—*Eternal Marriage*

Objective: To show the significance of temples in the Church of Jesus Christ and the advantages of temple marriage to the family.

Lesson 11—*"As the Twig Is Bent"*

Objective: To illustrate how we are influenced by our environment, particularly by the environment of the home.

Lesson 12—*Families Have Members*

Objective: To show how the family unit meets the needs of the various family members.

Lesson 13—*Love—A Basic Ingredient*

Objective: To show that love is essential for family happiness.

Lesson 14—*Families Have Neighbors*

Objective: To show the importance of wholesome neighborhood relationships on family life.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year, two writers, not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, are introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*. They are Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, and Elder William F. Edwards, author of the work meeting lessons. Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, previously wrote the work meeting lessons "The Art of Homemaking" for 1950-51.

Biographical sketches of Elder Doxey, Sister Robinson, and Elder Edwards, follow.

ELDER Roy W. Doxey, author of the Relief Society theology lessons, "The Doctrine and Covenants," was born in Ogden, Utah, the son of Thomas and Bessie Wat-

ins Doxey. He was graduated om Weber College and earned his .B. and Master's degree from eorge Washington University, Washington, D.C., in 1940. He was ected to membership in Pi Gamma Mu, social science honorary society, and Omicron Delta Gamma, onorary economics fraternity, while tending George Washington Uniersity.

Elder Doxey was a housing econmist with the National Housing dministration until 1944, at which me he was called to be the Presient of the Eastern States Mission, ith headquarters in New York ity. He served in this capacity for ore than four and one-half years. n 1948, he became a member of e faculty of Brigham Young Uniersity, where he is chairman of the epartment of Bible and modern cripture in the division of religion. He has long served the Church in oth Priesthood and auxiliary leadrship capacities.

He served in the bishopric of the rlington Ward, Washington (D. .) Stake and also was active in stake issionary work and on the high ouncil in the Nation's capital. In 930, Elder Doxey served a mission or the Church in Eastern Canada. ince the latter part of 1948, he has een a member of the general board f the Y.M.M.I.A.

Elder Doxey married Alberta Opheikens, in the Salt Lake Temple n August of 1934, and they are the arents of three sons and one daughter: Douglas Allen, seventeen; Clarke Benson, thirteen; Kimball Roy, eleven; and Cheryl Diane, ight.

He is the author of lessons for

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the M. I. A. and has written articles for *The Relief Society Magazine* and *The Improvement Era*. He is the author of *The Doctrine and Covenants and the Future*, the second edition of which is now just off the press. Under the direction of the First Presidency, he delivered a series of addresses during the latter part of 1955 over Radio Station KSL on the Sunday Evening Program of the Church.

CHRISTINE H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, was appointed a member of the general board of Relief Society in May 1948. She is a daughter of Bryant S. Hinckley and Christine Johnson Hinckley. Her mother died when Christine was an infant, and she was reared in the home of her maternal grandparents in Provo, Utah, and educated in the Provo City schools and Brigham Young University. Later, she attended New York University where she specialized in home economics and interior decorating. For several years she was a teacher in the Foster School of Fine Arts in New York City.

Sister Robinson is the wife of O. Preston Robinson, General Manager of the Deseret News Publishing Company, and the mother of three children: Miriam Rebholz; Bruce Hinckley Robinson, recently returned from the British Mission; and Christine Carol, a high school student. The family lived for twenty years in New York City, where Sister Robinson was active in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, particularly in Relief Society, where she was a class leader, and later served as a counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency. She is a gifted writer and has contributed feature articles to *The Relief Society Magazine* and other Church publications. She has also written numerous professional articles for newspapers and magazines, and collaborated with her husband in writing the well-known text and reference book *Successful Retail Selling*.

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Most sincerely yours,

Vida Fox Clawson,
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ELDER William F. Edwards was born in Emery, Utah, and at the age of eight the family moved to Rigby, Idaho. In common with so many young men, he worked his way through the Brigham Young University and there met his eternal sweetheart, Catherine Eyring. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, in September 1929, and they have six children: Carolyn (Mrs.

fford Cline); Weston, also mar-
l; and Robert, Mildred, Cath-
ne, and William.

After graduation, Brother Ed-
rds continued his education at
lumbia and New York Universi-
s by working in the financial dis-
ct. He obtained the Master of
ience degree in 1930 and the
ctorate of Commercial Science
m N.Y.U. Graduate School of
siness in 1937. His major sub-
ts of interest were banking, eco-
mics, and investments.

From 1929 through 1950 Brother
lwards was engaged in investment
d banking activities in New York.
ne family moved West when he
s appointed Dean of the College
Commerce at the Brigham Young
niversity, effective in January
951. In 1953 he was given addi-
nal duties as Vice-President in
harge of finance and business ad-
inistration for the University and
ne Church School System. In
pril 1957, he was appointed Sec-
tary of Finance to the First Presi-
ncy.

Always active in the Church, he
as President of the New York
take at the time the family came
West. Elder Edwards has had a
pecial interest in the economic wel-
are of people, and he is qualified
y training and experience to pre-
nt a helpful series of lessons.

For biographical sketches of the
uthors of the literature and social
cience lessons, see the following
eferences in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, July 1949, page 471.

Elder John Farr Larson, June 1956, page 412.

Mothers

Lillian E. Miles

I used to smile at mother hen
Whose ducklings took to sea
And paddled gaily out from shore,
Diving merrily.

But now, land-bound, I stand in fear,
And, anxious, watch the sky;
I smile no more at mother hen—
My lad has learned to fly!

Epitome

Vesta N. Lukei

It takes a single meadow lark
To make a spring,
A single fern frond curled, a tree
Bright flowering.

A star, a cradle moon, a firefly
Flickering,
Or single breath of violets
Will make a spring.

A hillside slope of grasses, green
And burgeoning,
An orange blossom, or lilac plume
Holds all of spring.

What joy! For me, each bird,
each bloom
Each single thing
Of nature's loveliness creates
Enchanting spring.

Hitch-Hiker

Alice Morrey Bailey

It leaped across a dreary place
And made it lively, sweet.
Then, passing so from face to face,
A smile went down the street.

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SECOND TERM:
July 15 — Aug. 16

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Ninety-nine

Mrs. Hattie Taylor McClellen
Provo, Utah

Ninety-seven

Mrs. Agnes Griffin Branch
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-six

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Terry Blair
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-four

Mrs. Elma Lundberg Jenson
Logan, Utah

Mrs. Mary Clark Rigby
Bancroft, Idaho

Ninety-three

Mrs. Sarah Jane Anderton Perkins
West Bountiful, Utah

Mrs. Hannah Stubbs Jones
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-two

Mrs. Selina Beddous Kelsey
Springville, Utah

Mrs. Emily King Orr
Orton, Alberta, Canada

Mrs. Elizabeth Mohr Felix
Logan, Utah

Ninety

Mrs. Lizzie Ann Whitear
Santaquin, Utah

Mrs. Rebecca Harriet Taylor Tracy
Springdale, Idaho

Mrs. Mary Christensen Baxter
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From Near and Far

Today as I picked up my December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, I was again thrilled with the beauty of this most inspiring edition with the pictures of our officers, and with the enchanting beauty of the interior scheme of our new Relief Society Building. . . . Then came the blessed thought that we, our entire sisterhood, claim a share in the beauty and inspiration of this new building. How proud and grateful we should be! Thanks for every issue of our precious *Magazine*.

—Cleopha J. Jensen
Brigham City, Utah

I have read and enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine* since I was a young girl. I offer sincere thanks for a *Magazine* filled with so much value we can have just for turning the pages, and it takes so little effort on our part to gain it.

—Mrs. Ida H. Johnson
Garland, Utah

I appreciated and enjoyed reading the story "Hearts United" by Frances C. Yost in the February issue of the *Magazine*. After reading her article in the May 1956 *Magazine*, "So You Want to Write a Story," I can see why she is successful in having her stories published. Everything she said I believed, and it was very inspirational to me.

—Mrs. Lily Norton Hortnagl
Long Beach, California

You are to be congratulated on the quality of the work you are able to maintain in *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is wonderful for poets to have such a fine market for their wares. I especially enjoy the frontispiece poems.

—Ethel Jacobson
Fullerton, California

I wish to express my gratitude to all who make up our wonderful *Magazine*. Being converts nearly a year now, the *Magazine* has helped our whole family—a mother, three sisters, and myself. In our time of sorrow recently, the articles published brought great comfort to us.

—Mary Jane Gustafson
Washburn, Illinois

In reading Thomas S. Monson's address "Selling *The Relief Society Magazine*," in the April issue, his "Be Chart," page 228, was appropriate to the hopeful signs of spring, and quite provocative of poetic strivings (laying no claim to talent):

If blessings we'd bring,
Best virtues we'd sing;
Nor leaving a sting,
Be a Humble Bee,
Not a Bumble Bee!

—Sam J. Black
Logan, Utah

I enjoyed the editorial "Yet Your Light So Shine," by Vesta P. Crawford, in the January issue of the *Magazine*. I ask myself "Is my light shining brightly enough?" I am teaching the two new songs to my group of Singing Mothers for the March 3d program.

—Dora Toone Brough
Tremonton, Utah

I have just finished reading the short stories in the April issue of the *Magazine*. They are all so excellent that I cannot decide which one of them I like best. It is a real joy to read such wholesome realistic work. I felt myself camping in the mud with Margery Clark (in "Mountain Vacation," by Deone R. Sutherland); walking barefoot with Flo Harris (in "New Shoes for Flo," by Wanda F. Hilton); sharing her joy in the acquisition of a new baby brother; realized the reluctance of Tom Gordon to part with a fine piano (in "Going Modern," by Frances C. Yost); and poignantly lived with Sally and her mother-in-law through the storm (in "Two of a Kind," by Maude Rubin). There is no doubt about it, *The Relief Society Magazine* has achieved another success in its April issue.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

I wish to express my pleasure in the *Magazine*, with the history of our beautiful Relief Society Building. It represents a large portion of what faith can do, in unison.

—Mrs. Delta Williams
Uravan, Colorado

Relief Society

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HAPPY FAMILIES . . . do things TOGETHER

Steve has a birthday this month . . . his eighth, and one of his m important ones en route to manhood. If he could cut the cake in eno pieces, he would like every one of you to share this experience with h

His Dad has a birthday this month, too . . . one of two he has ev year. His real birthday is in November, but his "insurance birthday" is May—six months earlier. That's the date the premiums increase on any life insurance he takes out.

You can beat the birthdays yourself by inviting your Beneficial agent over for his visit soon. Ask him to check over the life insurance prog you now carry, and see if it meets the needs of your growing family and y present standard of living. The few minutes you spend with him now save you many dollars over the next several years.

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